

CORONET

JANUARY

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**WHAT DOES AN AMERICAN PUT INTO
THE ARMY BESIDES SWEAT? WHAT DOES
HE GET OUT OF IT BESIDES A CHEER?**



YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

by MICHAEL EVANS

THE U. S. Army is built to fight and win wars. Anything else is incidental.

Few people think of the Army in those naked terms. That includes officers and soldiers, too. They look at the Army as a pleasant way of life, perhaps, as a career, as a fabric of exercises, drills, parades and routine, as a straight-banked canal walled by rules and regulations all the way to the snug harbor of retirement at 64 on half-pay.

A lot of us are going to discover the Army in the next few months. We are going to find out what it's like. We are going to find out that K.P. duty is not just a gag in the comic strips, that you can't talk back to the sergeant, that nobody is ever going to murder the bugler. And we are going to ask ourselves: What the deuce is this

all about? What is this Army anyhow? What am I putting into it and what am I getting out of it?

There are going to be more questions on young men's lips than anyone is going to find time to answer. Lots of them will be "why" questions—why does the Army drill, why do soldiers salute, why the red tape, why not ride in trucks instead of marching all day?

Lots of them will be "how" questions—how do I get into the Air Corps, how do I get to be an officer, how can I get an Army job like the one I left in private life, how about my insurance and my bills?

A million new men probably will put on olive drab this year. They don't intend to spend their whole lives under canvas. They are doing their bit for the Army and for the country. They hope

they will get something besides cheers and flag-waving in return.

What they will get depends a lot on themselves. So far as that goes, life in the Army is not much different than life in the insurance office, the college class and Schwartz's department store. But it helps a lot to know just what you can get and how to go about getting it.

Maybe the best way to see this is to look at what happens in some specific cases.

Here are a few:

OSCAR OLSON's widowed mother is upset. She's afraid Oscar can't stand Army hardships, that he won't get good care when he's sick. She's worried at reports of red light districts around the training camps. Well, Oscar wouldn't have been drafted unless his health was good. He will be toughened to the hardships. Medical care and hospitals will be A-1. The Army has promised to put the heat on local authorities to clean up prostitution. Prophylaxis and quick treatment will guard draftees against venereal disease. (The Army has cut venereal infections from 27 per 1,000 to 8 per 1,000 since the World War.)

Jeff Smith is a farm boy. He didn't get to finish high school.

The Army gives Jeff a chance to learn tractor machinery and Diesel power plants from A to Z. Jeff will catch up on his book learning at classes like those in the CCC camps.

Gene Cohen is a cornetist in a local dance band. He's afraid his playing will be pretty rusty by the time he gets out of the Army. Any chance he could get into an Army band? Sure. Mechanization and airplanes haven't put martial music out of date. Gene probably will be assigned to a band unit after he finishes basic training.

Tom Ames is a Wall Street broker's clerk. He wants to be an Air Corps pilot. Tom may get in the Air Corps ground establishment if he bones up on mechanics. (Eventually 30 per cent of the Army will be Air Corps personnel.) But unless Tom can pass the stiff physical and educational requirements he won't get to be a pilot. Pilots continue to be picked for Air Corps training from the top cadets of civilian flying schools.

Jerry Schmidt is worried about his job when he gets through with that year's training. Will he get it back? Probably. The law provides that jobs be held open without loss of pay or seniority unless business conditions have radically changed. It is not airtight but it's

considerably better than what the boys faced when they came back from France in 1919. At that, those 1919-20 conditions weren't quite as bad as they are remembered. Army placement bureaus set a pretty high record by current standards.

Larry Jones is a draftsman in an engineering office. Will he have to serve in the Infantry or can he switch to the Engineers Corps? He'll go to the Engineers. Almost everyone with special training will work at an Army job that uses his qualifications—once basic training is over.

Ted Morgan has financial obligations to worry over—a lease on his Greenwich village apartment, a 1939 Chevrolet half paid for, premiums on a \$3,000 insurance policy. A special law protects him. He can't be evicted if his rent is \$80 a month or less. His car can't be repossessed if it's half paid for. The government will carry his insurance up to \$5,000 and give him a chance to add a low premium policy of as much as \$10,000 that can be converted into 20- or 30-payment life when he gets out of the Army. There's a moratorium on mortgage foreclosures, repossession of installment goods and tax sales of property for all draftees. When they get out of

uniform, of course, they have to pay up.

WE MUST NOT think of the Army in terms of 1917. That gives us the wrong answers to a lot of questions.

Take that ancient rite, the Kitchen Police. Ask any World War vet and he'll snap: "You take it." Well, in 1941 Kitchen Police is still with us but it's not what it used to be. Today's doughboys don't atone for sloppy drill or late answers to reveille by peeling mountainous buckets of spuds. No sir. You just plug a cord into a socket and the electric potato peeler does the rest. Gone, too, are wood gathering parties that foraged for chuck wagon firewood when the outfit got to the night's camp. Why? Because the modern cooking outfit clatters along at 50-miles-an-hour and it cooks the soldier's meal on gasoline stoves as it rolls over the country. Don't forget that twenty-four years have passed since those famous posters blazoned: "Uncle Sam Wants YOU!"

If a man has been mustered into the 1941 Army under the Conscription Act, he won't have a free choice of the service he prefers. That's a privilege of the volunteer. But—and this is im-

portant—personnel specialists give each draftee an aptitude test so the Army can place him where any special skills can be used and trained. And the Army will try to satisfy individual preferences where it can.

What sort of specialists does the Army have?

Almost anything you can think of. The Army is self-sustaining. It is like a city of 1,000,000 persons and most of the functions of that city are performed by Army men.

The Army needs and uses an incredible number of mechanics—men to operate and repair the thousands of machines which supply and move the troops, men to operate and repair engines and apparatus, trucks, tanks, scout cars, tractors, gun batteries, donkey engines, sawmills, water pumps, hoists, derricks, railroad trains, everything that has wheels or is run by gasoline, oil or steam power.

The Army is a vast communications network. It needs and uses radio engineers, wireless operators, telephone and telegraph technicians, wire crews, teletype operators, cable layers, electricians, splicers, installers, linesmen.

The Army is a vast business organization. It employs thousands of bookkeepers, auditors, typists,

stenographers, accountants, statisticians, calculating machine operators, purchasing agents.

The Army guards its own health. It utilizes laboratory technicians, scientists of all kinds, X-ray specialists, dental assistants, hospital servicemen, pharmacists, dieticians, cooks, orthopedists and veterinarians.

Don't get a false impression. The Army is not a vocational school. Some of these jobs are filled only by officer specialists. There are no vacancies in others. There is nothing philanthropic about it but the Army has to have specialists and it does train them by the tens of thousands.

What about socialization?

Well, the Army has never been a welfare camp. The Army is built on a caste system, a system of rigid and open inequality.

But for possibly the first time there is going to be an effort to make this 1941 Army a sort of laboratory of democracy—rough democracy—within the rigid and undemocratic military framework. The orders have gone out to officers that they must demonstrate to their men that they are fit to lead—demonstrate by sweat, sharing of hardships and common decency that they are deserving of obedience. The officers have or

ders to recognize and reward swiftly, leadership from below.

How does that square with Army drill? Time will show.

IN THEORY it's like this. An army, at best, is an unwieldy mass of men. Nothing can be harder to handle than a great body of people—ask any traffic cop. The Army drills to make men—a cross section of the United States from Lawrence, Kansas, to the Bronx—act alike. This is a brutalizing conception. Sure. It takes the individuality out of men. So does football practice. There isn't room for a lot of quarterbacks at the bottom of the Army. The Army is too big for that. Safety lies in uniformity. In the Army there is danger, not safety, in numbers—danger of confusion, danger of panic, danger of disease, danger of inertia, danger of inefficiency.

So an army spends days, weeks and months learning to meet these dangers. That's what you get out of this marching, this sleeping in tents and drafty barracks, this cleaning of rifles, tidying up quarters, parades, saluting and inspections. You get hard muscles and a tough body so that you can march all day in slush and mud and sleep at night in a wet blanket or without a blanket and not catch

pneumonia. You learn to live in an infinitely organized society of men without stepping on somebody's toes or getting in somebody's hair. You learn to take orders and carry them out so that when you get orders under fire for the first time you obey them in spite of the bullets and shells.

You do not learn how not to be afraid. No one can learn that. But you learn what to be afraid of—how to cling to the ground to dodge bullets, bombs and shrapnel. The difference between a veteran and a rookie is not that the veteran doesn't take chances but that he knows on what odds he places a bet when he has to gamble with life or death.

All this is what is known to military men as "the school of the soldier." The first seven weeks of Army life will be spent in that school, which hasn't changed much from Caesar's day or Lee's or Pershing's. Only the machinery and the science is new. There are the same tents, the same uniforms (different color), the same rifles (a little slicker), the same impedimenta that armies have sweated over for all time.

AN ARMY, any army is a very simple thing. The only reason why an army seems complicated is this:

an army is like a forest. You have to look hard to see the forest because there are such a great number of trees.

From the outside an army is to most people as confusing as the elephant to the three blind gentlemen.

One says: "An army is a lot of men in uniform who march and drill." But some of the most important members of an army wear no uniforms, do no marching, never drill. Another says: "An army is trained to fight battles and kill people." But half an army never goes to battle and only a few soldiers can ever say for certain that they have killed another man. And a third says: "An army is a nation in arms." But that, too, cannot be true. For the muster only calls a small percentage of a nation's manhood to the colors.

An army is a nation's muscle, its adrenalin glands, the cortex of its brain, the strong pumping of its heart and the deep oxygen surge of its lungs.

Those are a lot of words. What do they mean? Mostly they mean tough, hard-fibered young men, alert, confident leaders and a 24-cylinder industrial machine pounding, pounding, pounding behind them.

If you think about that, many things about the Army become crystal clear.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

YOUR YEAR IN THE ARMY by Major John D. Kenderdine	\$1.00
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York	
THE DRAFT AND YOU by Emanuel Celler	\$1.00
The Viking Press, Inc., New York	
WHAT WILL HAPPEN AND WHAT TO DO WHEN WAR COMES Edited by Larry Nixon	\$2.25
The Greystone Press, Inc., New York	

REVERSE ENGLISH

IN THE early days of America's first World War belligerency Robert Bodansky and Joseph Urban, the theatrical architect, were riding in a New York subway. Urban unconcernedly blared forth in his native Viennese, while Bodansky, fidgeting about nervously, implored him

for goodness' sake to speak English. "But my dear fellow," Urban burst into English, "as long as we stick to our Viennese slang people will take us for Egyptians. The moment we start talking English everybody will be convinced we're Germans." —VICTOR HAHN

**FROM NAZI GERMANY THERE ARRIVES
A LETTER WHICH SOMEHOW CONTRIVES
TO TELL THE TRUTH: A SHORT STORY**



PASSED BY CENSOR

by LOUIS ZARA

BELOVED brother Otto,
Greetings to you from across
the sea, to your dear wife, to the
little children, my nephews Wolf
and Bruno, to my lovely little
niece Isolde, whose picture is
before me as I write. I address you
with a full heart, a heart over-
flowing with joy and triumph, a
heart leaping with gladness and
pride. I hope with all my being,
dear Otto, that it goes as well with
you, and that you are as happy
as we are.

Doubtless you thought you
would never hear from us again.
What else should you have
thought? For I know well enough
what fantastic grandmother's tales
you people in North America must
hear, what your newspapers and
your wireless broadcasts must tell
you day after day, what your poli-
ticians must want you to believe.

It makes me shudder to think of
it, how sadly you must misunder-
stand what is really going on,
how little you must appreciate
the great things that have already
been achieved on this side of the
Atlantic.

I know that you are no doubt
making out as bravely as you can.
Perhaps, being misled as you are,
you even pity me. Dear Otto, how
sorry I am for you. How I wish
I could embrace you and let my
pity of heart warm and protect
you.

Why have I taken the trouble
to write you? Because, dear brother,
I have worried about you.
Night and day I have been dis-
tressed. I could not endure it. I
had to write you, to stretch out
my arms to you across the sea
and to say: Dear, dear Otto, we
are all well; open your eyes, do

not believe what they say in your lying press, listen to me, I will tell you.

I am making more money than I ever dreamt I could make. But then everybody works. Not a soul walks the streets idle. A vast purpose envelops and guides all of us, every one. We know a war is on, but victory goes before us and we know no fear whatever. It is a privilege to be alive at such a time.

I have gained weight again. I do not cough so much, but when I do cough I do not mind, for when people sympathize I can say truthfully that it is a relic of the last war. But everything agrees with me. Willi says she thinks she would like to have one more son, this one truly a gift to the State, to which we owe so much. You know we have five boys and one girl now—I do not remember if I wrote you that the last time, it was so long ago. Each of the children except the girl, who is only five, has his duties and belongs to his own organization. It reminds one that even for youth it is a great century: no wasteful playing, everything useful.

I seem to remember, my wife says it is so too, that you were always concerned with philately and saved stamps. Remembering that, I said to myself, I will send

him a real present. For this month the government printed the most beautiful stamp I have ever seen. As you will see it is a stamp with a portrait of our Beloved Leader. I have only seen him once or twice myself but from his pictures it is a remarkable likeness: stern yet gentle, too, at the proper time, uncompromising to his foes yet humanitarian to his people. What a chapter in history he will occupy!

I thought at first I would get one stamp to enclose inside this letter. Then I thought, but Otto may want more than one, for a friend perhaps. So I bought four—a block of stamps—I know a man who saves blocks of stamps—and I affixed them carefully so that when they arrive in America you will have a perfect sample of this unusual portrait. Remove these stamps carefully. Do not soak them, Otto. If you press a warm iron to one side you can remove them with some of the gum left on. I think that even with your mind poisoned by newspaper stories you will be able to appreciate this little gift from your brother. For here you will see the Beloved Leader as we see him: a hero, a conqueror, the Superman, the man of the stars and, perhaps, even above them.

Kiss your dear children for me.

Say their cousins send their dearest thoughts to them. Also my wife to yours. And I, dear brother Otto, send to you good wishes, sympathy and tender love.

Your brother,
Gustav

OTTO FRUHLING read the letter thoughtfully. He frowned and read it again, his lips mumbling the words as he passed over them. He shook his head.

He reached for the square bluish-white envelope with its neat handwriting and the foreign postmarks.

He studied the bold rubber stamp: "Passed By Censor." His eyes lingered over his brother's return address. Then he fell to studying the block of four stamps in the corner. They were part of a new issue and the postal clerk

had cancelled each stamp neatly, so that the indelible ink made an oval halo above the picture itself. Each portrait was clean and untouched, the profile staring defiantly, cruelly—

The heat of the iron steamed the paper. Carefully Otto lifted the perforated edge of one stamp. The envelope gave and the block lifted intact. He caught his breath sharply.

There was writing beneath the stamps, brown strokes as though someone had written with milk or lemon juice. His fingers trembling, Fruhling removed the stamps.

His face drained. Pulses hammered in his ears and the envelope swam before his eyes. His lips quivered as he read the secret message:

*God Help Us, Otto!
We Starve to Death!*

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

ONCE when Napoleon was still a subaltern in the army he became engaged in a heated discussion with a Russian officer regarding the relative merits of the two armies.

"You can argue all night," the Russian said, "but there's at least one fact that you can't

deny—the Russians fight for glory, while the French fight only for money."

"I wouldn't think of denying your statement," Napoleon replied, "for you are absolutely right. Everyone knows that an army fights to secure that which it lacks." —BLANCHE S. KAHN

**THE DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE
OF PUBLIC OPINION SPEAKS HIS MIND ON
THE NATION'S MOST SIGNIFICANT ELECTION**



WAS I RIGHT ABOUT ROOSEVELT?

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

THE AMERICAN Institute of Public Opinion's poll on the 1940 election was the most accurate state-by-state poll in history. The deviation between the poll figures and the actual election results averaged only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in the forty-eight states.

But the fact that sampling polls can achieve a high degree of accuracy—within $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—is not nearly as important as another fact revealed by the Institute's election survey: the fact that class lines in this country are more accentuated in 1940 than they were in 1936. *The poor and the rich are farther apart in their political thinking today than ever before.* The trend of this class cleavage, a cleavage which may have grave import for this democratic nation, will be traced further on. First let us examine the poll more closely.

The Institute gave Roosevelt 52 per cent of the national popular vote, or 2.6 per cent less than he received. In 26 states the poll error was 2 per cent or less, and in only four states did the error exceed the 4 per cent margin normally allowed for in sampling work. The poll gave Willkie eight sure states and he carried ten. It gave Roosevelt a maximum of 472 electoral votes and he received 449. So much for the asset side. What were the poll's chief shortcomings?

Its main fault lay in under-predicting, by a small margin, the Roosevelt popular vote. Owing to this fact, and to the closeness of the election, eight states which the Institute showed leaning to Willkie actually went to Roosevelt by a small majority. All in all, the Institute under-predicted

Roosevelt's popular vote in 34 states, over-predicted it in 9 states, and was exactly right in the other five.

THE QUESTION naturally arises as to why the Roosevelt vote was under-estimated. An exhaustive analysis is now being made. At this point, it appears that the Roosevelt figure was brought up by two factors.

First, there was a greater increase in the vote of women this year than in previous elections, an increase not fully reflected in the poll. In the last days of the campaign the Institute found women voters to be more for Roosevelt than for Willkie. This was an unusual situation. Polls have demonstrated that women ordinarily vote for the more conservative candidate. Their tendency this year to be more Democratic than usual, and to turn out at the polls in greater numbers than usual, undoubtedly contributed to the under-prediction of the President's strength.

Second, there was a slightly higher turn-out of voters in the low income levels in contrast to the higher. Our analysis of the vote after the 1936 campaign showed that the upper income levels voted, in comparison with the

lower income levels, in a ratio of 6 to 5. A study of the present election figures will probably indicate that the proportion of turn-out has increased to a ratio of 6 to 5.5.

Another possible cause of the Institute's error was its over-zealous attempt to measure sentiment up to the last minute. A telegraphic poll was taken on the Saturday and Sunday before election. The staff of field reporters, 1,100 in number, who conduct all Institute polls, was instructed to do the bulk of the interviewing on Sunday as a precaution against eleventh-hour shifts of opinion. However, this gave the interviewing staff insufficient time to do a careful and accurate job before telegraphing in their results.

There is nothing wrong with the idea of a quick poll; in some cases it is absolutely necessary. But Sunday, as we were to discover, is not a good day for concentrated interviewing. On the basis of this Sunday poll the Roosevelt figure was reduced from 54 per cent to 52 per cent.

The Institute's results would have been more accurate if this quick poll had never been taken. As a matter of fact, the most accurate survey of the whole campaign was one conducted by the Institute in late October and re-

ported October 27, eight days before the election. This gave Roosevelt 54.5 per cent of the popular vote, 36 states and 410 electoral votes. Had the Institute stopped polling there, the results would have been accurate within one tenth of one per cent on the national vote!

EVERY election turns up some new trend in public thinking. This year, from the cold election statistics alone, one cannot grasp the extent of class divisions in America, for election figures are not reported by income groups. But the sampling surveys, performing one of their most useful functions, are in a position to find out how the various classes actually did vote. They can show how the people in the lower income group (those earning \$20 a week or less) lined up both this year and in 1936, and how their vote compares with those in the middle group (\$20 to \$50 a week) and the upper group (over \$50 a week).

It has been common knowledge for some years that the poor voters are for Roosevelt and the well-to-do are against him. But the Institute's researches into the 1940 election point to something not so well known—that the class split along political lines not only shows

no signs of healing but has actually become aggravated. While the political attitude of the lower income class has remained virtually unchanged since 1936, the upper class is more anti-Roosevelt than before, thus widening the class cleavage. Here's the trend, as revealed by comparative figures for 1936 and 1940, the latter being based on preliminary returns:

	<i>Per Cent for Roosevelt</i>	
	1936	1940
Upper Income Voters	42	29
Middle Income Voters	60	52
Lower Income Voters	76	68

What makes this class division in democratic America even more remarkable is its contrast with England. Despite the centuries of sharp social class distinctions among the British, polls in England by the British Institute of Public Opinion have never found anything like the political disagreement along economic lines that exists in the United States today. Winston Churchill's popularity is fairly even throughout all income levels, and the differences over Neville Chamberlain when he was Prime Minister were never as pronounced by classes as the disagreements in this country have been over Roosevelt.

THE ELECTION revealed other curious trends. One is that state lines were not sharply drawn in the voting on November 5th. Whole areas containing many states tended to vote for the two candidates in almost the same proportion.

A man could travel, for example, from Boston down the Atlantic seaboard to New Jersey, cut west through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and not find the proportion of Willkie voters and Roosevelt voters changing by more than 3 to 4 per cent. The remarkable similarity in the vote of states in this area is shown by the following percentages which represent the vote for Roosevelt—Massachusetts 53, New York 52, New Jersey 52, Pennsylvania 53, Ohio 52, Indiana 49, Illinois 51, Michigan 49, Wisconsin 51, Minnesota 52. Moreover, much the same situation prevailed in the 1936 election in most of those states.

This fact gives rise to two interesting speculations.

Are we witnessing the development of what might be called the "Solid North"? There was a greater agreement in the ten Northern states listed above than in the thirteen states of the Solid South.

Second, the apparent obliteration of state lines in the North raises the question of just how effective the political machines are. It may mean that they are much less effective than is commonly supposed.

A state with a strong Democratic machine should presumably produce a higher Democratic vote than an adjoining state with a weak Democratic machine, unless one makes the rather untenable assumption that the machines of the two parties exactly cancel each other in every state. Yet the ten states named above, all with machines of varying strength, voted in about the same way.

Take Illinois and Wisconsin, for example. Illinois has the powerful Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago, and the state administration was also in Democratic hands at the time of the election. Yet Illinois' vote for Roosevelt was exactly the same—51 per cent—as the vote for Roosevelt in the adjoining state of Wisconsin, where political machines are certainly far less organized and powerful than in Illinois.

THE ELECTION this year murdered the hoary old theory that voters are stamped into a bandwagon movement. The evidence

shows, on the contrary, that voters climbed off the Roosevelt bandwagon instead of aboard it in the closing weeks of the campaign.

At one time, in early October, the Institute was showing Roosevelt with 56 per cent of the popular vote, and a huge majority in the electoral college. According to the bandwagon theory, this figure should have either remained where it was or actually increased as wavering or undecided voters joined the crowd under the bandwagon influence. The opposite happened, as the final Roosevelt vote of 54.6 per cent testifies.

There has been much discussion as to what sort of mandate the people gave President Roosevelt in this election. One thing is certain. It was most emphatically not a blanket vote of confidence in the *domestic* program of the New Deal *per se*. Proof lies in the result of one of the Institute's most interesting studies during the campaign. When this survey asked voters which candidate they would prefer if there were no war in Europe, a majority of 53 per cent said they would prefer *Willkie*. For his third term Roosevelt can thank the blitzkrieg.

PERISCOPES OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST

IF AMERICA is better prepared to combat submarine attacks near the Atlantic coast, it is partly due to the early vigilance of Henry J. James, son of a Provincetown, Massachusetts, fisherman. Twenty-two years ago, James was aroused when German submarines attacked U.S. fishing vessels to cripple the food supply. One U-boat shelled barges for an hour or more off Cape Cod. Thirty fishing vessels were sunk off the Grand Banks. Six U-boats sank a total of 91 Ameri-

can ships, with 368 lives lost.

In a book, *German Subs in Yankee Waters*, James warned of coastal dangers from submarines in possible future wars: fishing vessels sunk, food supplies reduced, major ports subjected to poison-gas attacks. Now the Government has built mosquito-boat fleets, requisitioned beam-trawlers for mine sweeping, registered all small craft for coastal defense. James had advocated all of these measures in his book.

—JACK JOHNSON

The vaudevillian who wisecracked "Money may be the root of all evil, but oh how I wish I had more root!" voiced a desire by no means limited to professional jesters. We'd all like more of that root. And sometimes the acquisition of it takes nothing more than a little earnest digging, as evidenced here.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

HIS CREDITORS were becoming progressively less polite. Two lawsuits threatened. Arnold Mumford was unemployed and had to do something. He went to his creditors: "What I've been through has given me a pretty sound understanding of the reactions of those who owe money. I believe I can collect your accounts and still keep the good will of most of your delinquents." He got a few accounts as a start, the commissions on his collections to be paid back on his own debts. Then he solicited other firms for work as a collector. Within a year Mumford had cleared his slate and was running an agency of his own.



CLIFFORD MARSH, a University of Arkansas junior, is paying his college expenses by augmenting Uncle Sam's postal system. Each night Marsh makes the rounds of sorority and fra-

ternity houses to pick up letters and packages which students haven't mailed during the day. Each house pays Marsh \$3 a month for the service. So far he has fifteen houses as his clients, and no competitors.



AT 26, ROBERT BELE, who was out of a job, brought out the fine BB gun that once had made him the envy of all the other kids in the neighborhood. On a vacant lot near his home in Minneapolis, the young man set up a row of tin cans. He stationed himself at the other end of the lot and began shooting. Neighborhood kids soon gathered around. "Five shots for a cent!" announced the new shooting gallery operator, and the news spread like wildfire throughout boyland. Result: net profit first week, \$14, with the business nearly doubled later by the addition of another rifle.

**SOME ARE CUTE AND SOME ARE SAVAGE,
SOME DRAMATIC AND SOME LUDICROUS,
BUT ALL OF THEM SAY "HELP'S COMING!"**



MASCOTS OF THE AIR CORPS

by KENT SAGENDORPH

SOME time during 1917 the heraldry of knighthood staged a brief renaissance high over the bullet-riddled clouds of the Western Front.

Historians disagree as to the identity of the first pilot to adopt an individual coat-of-arms to distinguish his plane from all others. We know that some of the Germans were painting macabre skulls and cross-bones and all manner of frightening devices on *jagstaffel* fuselages during the latter part of 1916. Early in 1917, Georges Guynemer began wearing a streaming white plume on his flying helmet, which singled him out during combat and gave German gunners a chance to line up their sights on him.

Norman Prince and Raoul Lufberry were painting little American flags on their Lafayette Es-

cadrille Nieuports long before America entered the War. Most of the recognized aces had an individual trade-mark of their own. Baron Manfred Von Richthofen and Ernst Udet had their Fokker D-VII's painted in brilliant three-inch black and white checks.

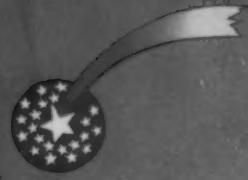
These gestures were a message of plain defiance. They sprang from the same aggressive attitude as that of our own General Custer, whose luxuriant flaxen locks tumbled in spectacular array down over his blue uniform collar, constantly infuriating the Sioux and Blackfeet warriors with the challenge to try to lift that magnificent scalp. In the air, pilots on patrol would see a plane approaching dolled up like a circus calliope. That kind of a message did not need any translating. It was as plain as if the enemy pilot could



(A) 94TH PUR. SQDN.



(A) 9TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 2ND OBS. SQDN.



(N) BOMB. SQDN. 1



(A) 27TH PUR. SQDN.



(N) FIGHTING SQDN. 4



(A) 95TH BOMB. SQDN.



(N) SCOUTING SQDN. 42



(A) 34TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 99TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 13TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 20TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 24TH PUR. SQDN.



(N) FIGHTING SQDN. 7



(A) 5TH BOMB. SQDN.



(N) FIGHTING SQDN. 2



(N) U.S. NAVAL AIR STA.
PENSACOLA



(A) 3RD PUR. SQDN.



(N) UTILITY SQDN. 3

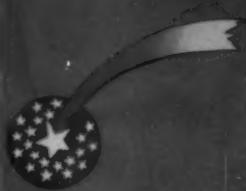


(A) 88TH REC. SQDN.

United States Army and Navy Aircraft Insignia

(A) ARMY

(N) NAVY



(A) 22ND OBS. SQDN.



(N) BOMB. SQDN. 2



(A) 27TH PUR. SQDN.



(N) SCOUTING SQDN. 42



(A) 34TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 99TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 24TH PUR. SQDN.



(N) FIGHTING SQDN.-7



(A) 5TH BOMB. SQDN.



(A) 3RD PUR. SQDN.



(N) UTILITY SQDN. 3



(A) 88TH REC. SQDN.

by Aircraft Insignia





Ⓐ 96TH BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓐ 35TH PUR. SQDN.



Ⓑ BOMB. SQDN. 4



Wings of America
A Presentation of Aviation Insignia



Ⓐ 90TH BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓑ BOMB. SQDN. 3



Ⓑ FIGHTING SQDN. 3



Ⓐ 2ND OBS. SQDN.



Ⓐ 77TH PUR. SQDN.



Ⓐ 73RD BOMB. SQDN.

Ⓐ ARMY

Ⓑ NAVY



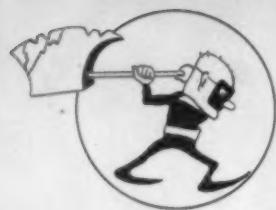
Ⓐ 96TH BOMB. SQDN.



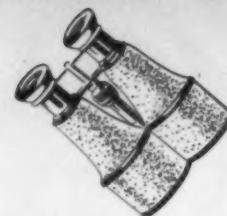
Ⓐ 35TH PUR. SQDN.



Ⓝ BOMB. SQDN. 4



Ⓐ 25TH BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓐ 16TH OBS. SQDN.



Ⓐ 44TH OBS. SQDN.

Wings of America
A Presentation of Aviation Insignia



Ⓐ 90TH BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓝ BOMB. SQDN. 3



Ⓝ FIGHTING SQDN. 3



Ⓐ 2ND OBS. SQDN.



Ⓐ 77TH PUR. SQDN.



Ⓐ 73RD BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓐ 19TH PUR. SQDN.



Ⓐ 11TH BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓐ 72ND BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓐ 49TH BOMB. SQDN.



Ⓐ 17TH PUR. SQDN.



Ⓐ 30TH BOMB. SQDN.

Ⓐ ARMY

Ⓝ NAVY

have shaken a fist and yelled: "Here's the champ!"

One of the first American replies to these arrogant invitations to single combat came from Eddie Rickenbacker. He ordered a design of Uncle Sam's big beaver hat in a ring. He made the German pilots develop a healthy fear of it, too.

It was a day when famous champions of the air roared aloft alone, bearing invisibly on the wings of their Spads and Fokkers the prestige of their millions of earth-bound comrades below. The parallel to knighthood was striking. They seemed to be, and were regarded throughout the world, as twentieth century knights in armor, winging their way upward into the sky to face the foe in swift steeds of fabric and spruce instead of snow-white chargers. Designs expressing a heraldry motif were the logical concomitants.

Rickenbacker, the most successful American ace, disliked all this melodrama. In the air he was a killer, without any stage trappings. He saw that the whole idea of knight-errant combat flying was wrong, and he was one of the first pilots to change it.

In the course of time he became commanding officer of the 94th Aero Squadron. Shortly thereaf-

ter, the hat-in-the-ring emblem was seen no more. He did not want his squadron mates to feel that he was hogging the spotlight, nor that he felt he was winning the war alone. After his 26th aerial victory, he stopped counting. In his final report he listed 69 victories by the 94th Aero Squadron, of which he "had the honor" to be commanding officer and leader of flight "A."

THE GLAMOUR of the flying knight faded with that report. Tactics had changed. Pursuit planes were operating by squadrons, in tight formation, by the time of the Armistice. And on the fuselages of the 94th's Spads and S.E.5's there stood forth the profile of an American Indian, which was a symbol in which the whole squadron—enlisted men and mechanics as well as combat pilots—could take a co-operative pride.

These pilots had designed it because it had a high individuality as a silhouette. In the thick of an aerial dogfight, with Fokkers raining Spandau slugs on them and through them, they'd see that Indian head coming. They'd know that the 94th had sent them help.

The silhouette value of an emblem was so thoroughly proved in many a hard-fought aerial bat-

tle that it was quickly adopted throughout the Air Service. The Navy took it up, commissioning artists to design insignia both ridiculous and inspiring. Every tactical squadron in the Army Air Corps now has its individual insignia. Tactical planes are those which engage in tactical missions—in other words, get shot at. They are the ones which require a quick means of identification; one which might not be clear to the enemy immediately, but which will be greeted by hard-pressed pilots and gunners with whoops of joy.

School squadrons, transport squadrons, cargo squadrons and planes which ferry personnel back and forth do not traditionally rate an insignia. The idea was born in combat, and reserved for combat use.

Most of these insignia were originally developed from cartoons submitted by buck privates, by enlisted men who had an elementary conception of design, or by anybody on the roster who could work out a pattern that was strikingly unique. They are ridiculous, some of them, such as the supposedly fierce wolf of the 49th Bombardment, which looks more like a dime store wooden alligator than a frightening carnivora.

Just what the cartoon character Jiggs would be doing weaving his uncertain way homeward with a bomb under his arm has never been quite clear to the Air Corps. But the personnel of the 11th Bombardment submitted such a cartoon, and it has a distinctive design, so it was approved. The 19th Pursuit adopted a rooster as its insignia, in spite of the obvious fact that a rooster is not particularly adept at flight. The pilots of the 77th Pursuit go flying off to war with two pair from a poker hand inscribed on their fuselages, fervently hoping that the enemy won't show up with a full house.

THERE ARE insignia which are purely symbolic of the squadron's function, such as the binoculars of the 16th Observation and the target and arrows of the 55th Pursuit. Others merely attempt to convey, in a formalized design, the squadron's opinion of its own prowess. The 35th Pursuit thinks it has the slinking, furtive attack technique of a black panther, which, however, is not borne out by its usual method of head-on, full-throttle challenge. The 91st Observation conceives its role to be that of a white knight on horseback, relentlessly chasing the devil into a bottomless chasm.

Infrequently there will appear a simple, effective symbol which is dramatic in appeal and beautiful in conception. The crossed searchlights which constitute the emblem of the 9th Bombardment, the springing tiger of the 24th Pursuit, the classic dragon's head of the 3rd Pursuit, and the 27th Pursuit's famous diving eagle are examples of Air Corps art at its best.

This is indeed a strange sort of air force. We spend \$275,000 for a big four-engined bomber, superior in fire-power and in speed to anything of its kind in the world, and then turn an enlisted

man loose with a paint-brush to draw dime-store cartoons on it. Civilians must be pardoned if they jump at the conclusion that these burlesque savages and impossible birds constitute the Air Corps' conception of art. They are just a strange form of American primitives, conveying a message. The message usually says: "Help's coming!" Hence the form of the hieroglyphics is relatively unimportant.

Kent Sagendorph flies a plane, though not his own, and at one time was assigned to special work in aerial photography by the Government. He has recently come into prominence as a lecturer on aviation and also writes a syndicated newspaper column on that subject.

PHILOSOPHER'S MORATORIUM

ALEXANDER von HUMBOLDT, the scientist, Johannes von Mueller, the great historian, and Johann Fichte, the renowned philosopher, all occupied for a time residences in a block of houses owned by a wealthy distiller. This landlord referred to the galaxy of famous tenants as his "Zoo of Scholars" and frequently would take his friends on a round of the block pointing out the house in which each lived.

"There lives von Humboldt,"

he once said to a friend, "he is a natural scientist and a realist. He pays his rent on time. Over yonder, lives von Mueller. He is a historian and understands the rise and fall of empires. So he pays his rent late, but pays it. But in that third house, over near the corner, lives that fellow Fichte who is a philosopher. His true dwelling place, he holds, is in the universe and since one doesn't pay rent in the cosmos, he sees no need to pay me." —ALBERT BRANDT

at developing a false, and cause it to become increasingly more and more like the real one in nature. Men who understand this will be able to increase their earnings rapidly.

It is the same with the other two methods of increasing earnings. They are based upon the same principle, but they are not so effective as the first method.

There is a land where certain authentic but outrageous tales live in a limbo called "forgotten." From there they cry with faint voices, "Give us just one more hearing!" To the following true, but almost incredible stories, that request is here granted.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

No fossils should be found in meteorites. If any were discovered, it would prove that far advanced life existed elsewhere in the universe. Then the heads of some fine theories would fall into the basket.

But fossils *have* been found in meteorites, according to the eminent German geologist Dr. Hahn. They were fossils of corals, and in some cases showed whole branches of animal formations. In 1881 Dr. Hahn published an illustrated book describing his discovery. The fossils were later examined by Dr. Weinland, also a prominent geologist. He agreed that they were undoubtedly the remains of living creatures.

Most of the meteorite fragments

from which Dr. Hahn recovered the fossils were from a single fall in Khayinya, Hungary. In describing the discovery in *Popular Science* it was suggested that all the fragments came from a "single extra terrestrial body which seems to have been overtaken by a great catastrophe."

Fragmentary evidence of the sudden death of a world—a world on which life existed.



IN THE limping legion of flimsy tales which are supposed to prove that the final door reopened just a crack, one stands alone. It is simply

told in the affidavits of those concerned.

Dr. Vincenzo Caltagirone, agnostic physician of Palmero, Italy, sat chatting with his friend and patient Benjamin Sirchia, Italian statesman. It was May of 1910, and the talk turned to strange tales. Sirchia suggested lightly that he might return after death. Dr. Caltagirone replied:

"If you intend to manifest yourself to me, then you'll have to make a good show, such as breaking something in this dining room—say the gas fixture above the table."

Sirchia agreed. He died unexpectedly late the following November. Dr. Caltagirone did not know of his death. He had long since forgotten their conversation.

Two days after Sirchia's death *something* started banging on a little glass ball which hung at the top of the dining room gas fixture. Dr. Caltagirone and his sister investigated. They climbed on the table. They experimented. They couldn't explain.

For six days something continued off and on to bang on the glass ball. Then at last the ball split. The pieces were deposited on the table under the fixture. The witnesses swore that the pieces could not have fallen under the fixture, as the fixture itself was in the way. But they could have been *laid* under the lamp.

That is the story. It stood up under astronomer Camille Flammarion's investigation. Dr. Caltagirone and his sister were intelligent and reliable.

Although given much publicity, the story was soon filed as forgotten.



SOLEMN were the warnings of an old Hawaiian *Kahuna* against the building of a dry dock in a certain part of Pearl Harbor. That was just after the United States had annexed Hawaii and a naval dry dock was badly needed. But the old witch doctor said no:

"Goddess she have secret cave beneath spot where you to dig. She bust up dry dock. You see."

But the construction company was not interested in Hawaiian goddesses. When nearing completion, the dock was shaken by mysterious tremors—not earthquakes, they were confined to a spot just below the dry dock.

The giant reinforced concrete foundations were smashed within a few moments and the dry dock completely wrecked. Several men were killed. Numerous investigations failed to reveal any cause for the disaster. Divers, geologists, and engineers examined everything, but could find no reason why the foundations should crumble. New bids were asked. None were made.

Then one "Dry Dock" Smith was called in. He interviewed the *Kahu-nas*. He agreed to build a dock where the goddess had no sacred cave.

The dry dock was built successfully. And the mystery forgotten.

—R. DeWITT MILLER

**ANY AUTOMOBILE YOU BUY TODAY
IS A SUPER-BARGAIN, BUT ONLY ONE
IS BEST SUITED TO YOUR NEEDS**



HOW TO BUY A CAR

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

THE ecstatic love-at-first-sight system is doubtless one of the best methods of selecting a wife—but about the poorest way to pick an automobile. Yet inquiry among my acquaintances suggests that an awful lot of cars are sold on some sort of a mechanical Oedipus complex—or because of complexion, figure or family background. Very few, pinned down, seem to shop for efficient transportation.

A few premature divorces cured me—one car was traded after 600 miles—and now I like to live in sin for a while with these automotive wenches before committing myself.

Obviously, anybody can go into an automobile show blindfolded, buy the first car he stumbles against, and get a whale of a lot for his money. Modern cars at thirty cents a pound, more or less,

are amazing and it's pretty hopeless for a layman to try to determine the best dollar value. What he can determine, however, is which car in a given price range best suits his requirements and preferences.

How much you drive a car, where, when, how and why are all governing factors in a choice: a 219 inch over-all length will be a pain in the neck for daily city parking; on the other hand, 185 inches over-all may mean pains elsewhere for a family of four and baggage on tour.

Consequently, when I venture into the market, I like to get a comparative picture of all the likely offerings, so I fix up a tabulation which has, in Column I, the six or eight cars in my price range. Twelve other columns across the page are headed: Delivered Price;

Trade-in Allowance; Net Cost; HP Rating @ RPM; Compression Ratio; Piston Displacement; Wheel Base; Over-all Length; Weight; HP per 100 lbs.; Seat Widths; Leg Room, Rear.

This data I get from catalogs or from the Show Issue of *Motor*. It puts the cars side by side on paper; it gives you features which may become decisive when other things become equal, or it may obviate looking into some models any further. For example, on my last list one car is checked off because it had the highest horsepower rating of the bunch, almost the highest piston displacement and the lowest compression ratio—all of which sounds to me like relatively expensive operation. With the highest HP rating per 100 pounds, that also spelled maximum performance—and I'm not willing to pay the operating and maintenance price of superlative performance because I'm more interested in other features.

WITH THESE comparisons to mull over, I look at the cars and talk to salesmen, whittling the list down to perhaps three or four possible choices. The determining factors, or course, must be my personal preferences or notions of what I want a car to be. In the

end I don't necessarily get the car with the best riding quality, the greatest power or acceleration, or the most economical operation. But I do get the one which offers the best compromise with perfection in these and the other factors which seem important to me.

Most of these points are investigated on the road in a demonstrator and can be determined in a half-hour's run over a well-planned course including different pavement types and driving conditions. The important thing is that each car be given the *same test on the same course* with as little time lapse as practical between runs. And to keep from loading the dice through faulty memory, I rate each car on a score card, grading the features roughly as A, B, C, etc. This card has ten column headings (indicated by italics below) intended to give me the following information:

Steering: Some cars respond too quickly at the wheel and "oversteer"; others are torpid; few handle well in high-speed steering where control is vital. It doesn't take long to find out these things. The steering unit should also be tried out in parking and turning in a narrow street, preferably by your wife if she also drives.

Braking: Having already felt out the brakes in the first two blocks, I bear down on them on the road, first at around 30 m.p.h. and then, if they've behaved well, at 50 or 60. I hate excessive nose-diving or brakes that wrap or grab; I also see how the car responds when swerved with the brakes on at lower speeds and what happens in high-speed braking. Unless you've tried it, you'll be surprised at how some cars scare the life out of you in this last test.

Vision is quite vital, especially to the women drivers in the family, and is an extremely variable feature even in competitive cars. I wouldn't own a car in which I couldn't see at least the left fender.

Wheel Shock has no justification today but some cars still have it. Unimportant to the short-run, city driver, it is a very tiring thing on long trips.

Pick-up and Power: Today's cars will satisfy all but the maniacs on these points, but for comparisons I start from 10 m.p.h. in high, give her the gun and count, photographer fashion ("101," "102," "103," etc.) the number of seconds required to reach 40 m.p.h. The same procedure applies on a hill, noting the speed

at which you finally come over the crest.

Riding Quality: This is best checked by a single passenger in the rear seat at slow speeds on good pavement and at reasonably fast speeds on rough surfaces. There should be no bobble in the first test, no jolting in the second. Remember, however, that an exceptionally soft ride may mean the sacrifice of other qualities, notably stability. The softest-riding demonstrator I ever drove had such flexible springs that it felt as if it were going over on every curve.

Vibration: Operating smoothness can be checked in several ways. One is to speed up in second gear from, say, 10 m.p.h. to 40 or 45: you should feel no undue vibration or engine roar. Or drive at 30 m.p.h. in first, pressing your foot against the clutch pedal shank to find if the vibration is excessive.

Drumming is a vexatious and tiring fault which can be tested by a run over cobblestones or equivalent pavement with all the windows closed. This and wind noise (plus Vibration and Wheel Shock) are important factors in fatigue — that insidious hazard which is probably responsible for 30,000 accidents a year. For the

long driver they all merit close consideration.

General Handling: The behavior of a car should be tested on different types of roads, for you'll find a much wider variance in "handling" than in price among competitive models. I drove one that made my stomach sink on a sharp curve at 30 m.p.h. whereas a competitive make took that same curve at 45 in perfect comfort. Likewise, you'll have to fight with one car to keep it in line on a crowned road whereas another requires only a nudge.

Driving Comfort is the final item on my list, but the most important to me. Such details as accessibility of the controls; seat position and adjustments; spring jounce and shock absorber action; windshield angles and night-time reflections—all these influence the margin between comfort and agony in a 300 or 400 mile driving day.

Tank mileage, of course, is a detail in which I am interested but it hasn't become a fetish with me as with so many drivers. In any case, your best slant on that can be had from the results of the Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run, supervised each January by the A. A. A., which gives comparative figures on twenty or more stock

models for a 314 mile course.

Indeed, it is this lack of uniform standards in comparing cars which makes the average driver's opinion of scant value as a buying guide—and it is that lack which I try to remedy with the comparative charts and score cards which provide my wife with so much amusement. By giving each car the same tests and rating them as fairly as I know how, I eliminate those with the worst faults (from my standpoint) and finally arrive at the best compromise between what I want and what I can get at my price.

In the end I can't tell you what car *you* should buy because our whims and requirements both differ. If your chief use for a car is for conveyance to and from the suburban railroad station — or entirely in mountain country — or 95 per cent in congested daily traffic — well, we just don't go to the same church. But if you follow this method, you'll find out far more about what the manufacturers have to offer than you ever learned by riding a demonstrator around the park. And if you begin by defining what you need, elaborating that with what you'd like to have, I'm sure this method will pay dividends.

One general tip I can offer,

however, is not to be misled by an exceptionally attractive trade-in allowance: a slick guy can bury a hundred dollar difference in the time payments and you'll never notice it unless you make him itemize the finance and insurance figures.

Another suggestion is not to over-emphasize in your mind the requirements you expect in a car for touring, because that represents a minor proportion of the average car's mileage. I do more than the average, my last six trips totaling 36,000 miles through forty-four states — yet that represents only 28 per cent of my aggregate mileage in that period. Approximately an equal percentage of my driving is in New York City where I don't need 145 horsepower to creep through traffic at 12 miles an hour; over

40 per cent of the aggregate is in mountain country in summer.

Add them all up and you have plenty of room for compromise, which is just as important in buying an automobile as it is in engineering one. But until you determine what you want and see what is being offered through critical comparison, you can't do justice to your investment in an automobile.

Only once have I bought the same make car two seasons in succession. For when you give all the girls a whirl before leading one of them up to the finance company's altar, you learn a lot of surprising things!

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

MILLIONS ON WHEELS

by Dewey H. Palmer
and Laurence E. Crooks \$2.50
The Vanguard Press, New York

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

TALMA, the favorite actor of Napoleon, was famous for his ad-libbing. Once while appearing in a duel scene he was supposed to fall mortally wounded. However, the stage pistol in the hand of the other actor failed to go off. Having pulled the trigger several times,

the thoroughly bewildered duelist, unable to think of anything else to do, rushed up to Talma and gave him a violent kick. The great actor with admirable composure exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, his shoe was poisoned!" and collapsed dead on the stage.

—LESTER HURST

When we go through the door of sleep we enter upon another life, which, until we return to waking consciousness, seems absolutely real. There is high adventure, drama and mystery in that other life of ours—to which the following true stories bear witness.

YOUR OTHER LIFE

BY THE end of 1788 William Blake had written and illustrated his *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*. Also by the end of 1788 William Blake had no publisher, no reputation, no credit—and no way to print his work. Although he could do his own engraving, he could not also be his own compositor. Over a period of months he pondered. There was only half a crown left in the house the night Blake dreamed of his dead brother, Robert.

In the dream Robert described in detail a method by which William could engrave in relief both words and designs. Part of the remaining half a crown was spent that morning to buy the tools necessary for the proc-

ess. The result was a series of plates containing both illustrations and text. These unique plates were Blake's main support for the rest of his life.

Perhaps when reason, asleep, leaves the door unguarded . . . inspiration slips in.



WILLIAM WILDHAGEN was walking just ahead of his mother up the steps of their home in Hollis, New York, when his knees suddenly buckled under him.

"Infantile paralysis!" said his mother unhesitatingly.

She demanded immediate treat-

ment for the disease, although doctors scoffed at her diagnosis. However, it turned out that she was right. Moreover, it was only through her steadfast belief in the cause of her son's illness that treatment was undertaken soon enough to prevent any permanent ill effects.

The cause of the woman's seeming intuition was an experience from her other life. A month before, Mrs. Wildhagen dreamed that she and her son were walking up the steps of their home, that his knees buckled, and that he had infantile paralysis. To the minutest detail, the scene took place in her "real" life.

Sometimes the shape of things to come may appear in our other life—when we still have time to alter them.



IT WAS a strange tale which was recorded by Bruce Starks of Atlanta, Georgia. He had it first hand, and he checked the details. This is the story:

On his way to Tupelo, Mississippi, a certain man stopped for the night at Memphis. There he dreamed of talking with his long dead father. After a lengthy conversation, the father rose to leave.

"Must you go?" the son asked.

"Yes, but I will see you again tomorrow night—in Tupelo."

Awakening from the vivid dream, the son became convinced that his father had meant to convey a warn-

ing. Half ashamed of his fears, he nevertheless changed his itinerary.

That night a tornado struck Tupelo, wrecked the hotel where he was to have stayed, demolished the room which had been reserved for him.

There was a rendezvous with death—but a dream intervened.



EDGAR WALLACE, adventure writer de luxe, always referred to his dream of heaven as his most interesting personal adventure.

Wallace dreamed that he stood on the parapet of heaven, looking down at the earth. Beside him were two ragged but happy saints. One smoked a pipe whose aroma was certainly not celestial. After a long silence, another saint approached and began grinding a diamond in a mortar.

When the jewel was powdered, he shook the gleaming dust over the world which was spinning below. At once men began searching for the specks of diamond. Suddenly the saints began to laugh. Wallace asked what the joke was. To which a saint replied:

"You saw yon diamond old Harry was grinding. Well, that is the TRUTH, and," the saint rolled with merriment, "every man on earth who finds a speck will think he has the whole."

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

**SEEKING THE ONLY FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP
THEY ESTEEM, THE JAPANESE GO TO THE
GEISHA HOUSE AS WE GO TO THE THEATRE**



THE GEISHA GIRL COMES BACK

by DENNIS McEVoy

SUPPOSE you were standing in a small, dusty railroad station of a Chinese town newly occupied by the Japanese. All around, "restoring order," are tough-looking Japanese soldiers with fixed bayonets.

For hours you watch trains unload hundreds of Japanese business men and shoddy-looking camp followers. Suddenly a staff car drives up and several officers get out. The reason for their presence appears with the next train. From it descend several gorgeously-kimonoed creatures, faces blanched almost dead-white, hair dressed in a high pyramid with little bells, combs and good-luck trinkets. Maids follow, carrying odd musical instruments and all the paraphernalia that goes with Japan's most expensive form of female entertainment, the Geisha.

This scene is repeated almost daily in some section of the occupied territory, with the result that there are Geisha in Shanghai, Hankow, North China, Manchukuo, Mongolia. There are Geisha even among the Japanese-born American citizens in Honolulu.

The first Geisha (spelled the same in the plural as in the singular; pronounced gay-shah; and meaning "art person"), some two centuries ago, were rebels against their lot as prostitutes. Now, as highly trained entertainers—unexcelled as dancers, singers, instrumentalists—and conversationalists, occasionally serving as concubines, they supply the upper and middle class Japanese husband with his closest approximation to the Western concept of romantic love.

Marriage in Japan is still ar-

ranged by go-betweens, husband and wife often seeing each other for the first time only a few weeks before the wedding. The Japanese wife's position is little better than that of a servant. Divorce is possible for her only under exceptional circumstances, whereas the husband can send his wife back to her family almost at will. Thus the home in Japan, be it ever so humble, is almost solely a system for maintaining a population increase estimated at 1,000,000 yearly, and a place where the husband rests after a long working day.

The Japanese call the Geisha districts "the willow flower place." There the husband (bachelors are rare, since marriages are arranged by families) finds escape from his business—and non-existent home life—in the plaintive minor-keyed songs of the Geisha, or in the dance, or in unburdening himself to a sympathetic and intelligent ear. He goes to a Geisha house as a Westerner goes to the theatre.

IN THE old days, unwanted farm daughters were disposed of by infanticide. Today they are sold by their families to a swarm of brokers who annually tour the poverty-stricken northern provinces of Japan in search of Geisha, factory workers and girls for the li-

censed brothels, buying approximately 10,000 girls yearly. The Geisha broker, who represents owners of a string of houses, picks off the prettiest and most intelligent, between the ages of 8 and 12, and pays the best prices, on an average \$150. The rest of the girls—all of whom are willing to work for subsistence wages—go into the licensed quarters or into factories, in the latter affording a main reason for the lowness of Japanese labor costs.

In return for the money paid her parents, a would-be Geisha girl must work five years, and such time thereafter as may be required to pay her debts. But, since kimonos—and they change, elaborately, with each season—toilet articles and schooling are charged to the girl, she always winds up the five-year period in debt and must therefore continue working.

Training starts in special schools either in Tokyo, Kyoto or Osaka. The greatest emphasis is on the traditional dance—slow, rhythmic movements of the body, accompanied by gestures with an ornate fan—the interpretation of which is so baffling to the Westerner. Music instructors teach the girls to play stringed instruments and a snare drum, and to sing the tra-

ditional songs. The Geisha sings these stories of unrequited love and suicide in a quavering, tear-choked voice, and the Japanese male goes into ecstasies over each gloomy passage.

After three or four years of such schooling, which includes also learning to write with finely shaded brush-strokes and the art of deportment, ceremonial and otherwise, the girls become Hangyoku, "half Geisha," and go to a regular establishment. There, while older Geisha dance or sing in chorus or singly for their patrons, the Hangyoku play the drums and the banjo. They dust and sweep the house, light fires under the baths (Japanese keep fires going under their baths, thinking Westerners foolish to sit in water growing cold), and help prepare breakfast. Finally, at the age of 18, the Hangyoku is given an examination and becomes a full-fledged Geisha.

GEISHA fees are high, varying from \$2 to \$15 per hour for one Geisha. During January, a month of many festivals, a popular girl can make several thousand dollars. Steady customers run charge accounts and are billed once a year. The girl herself, because of her debts, usually gets only a

small percentage of her take, although some few become rich and start places of their own. Most look forward to either marriage or to the charity of a wealthy patron.

A Geisha can marry if her prospective husband puts up enough money to cover her debts, and this does happen. Usually, however, the Geisha is paid several hundred yen a month to act as a concubine. The Geisha is willing, usually, to act as such, but never as a prostitute. To her, promiscuity is unthinkable. Although the distinction between the two may appear shadowy to Westerners, it is real in Japan. Among the famous Japanese who have been "charitable" are Prince Hirobumi Ito, drafter of Japan's constitution and one of her greatest statesmen, Prince Katsura Taro, prime minister at the time of the Russo-Japanese War and General Nogi, hero of the battle of Port Arthur against Tsarist Russian armies. But it would be useless to list all the great Japanese, past and present, who have Geisha concubines, since it was, and still is, a common custom.

For a while it appeared as if the rise of Westernized society in Japan meant the end of the Geisha. It was thought that they would give way to the new era of

jazz, phonographs, radios, dance halls; their extinction has been predicted as often as the economic collapse of Japan. To observers in the Orient neither prediction bears signs of coming true. Resurgent nationalism, since the war in China began, has given the 80,000 Geisha in the Empire double or treble the income they enjoyed at the beginning of the war.

Even their closest competitors, the "Dance Geisha" are no longer in favor. Despised by the traditionalists, these "Dance Geisha" are being especially singled out by the nationalists in their war against the "debilitating and degrading influences of the West." Instead of the slow, graceful, classical Japanese dancing, the "Dance Geisha" go in for fox trots and dancing with partners, which is unthinkable for a traditionalist.

The revival of nationalism in Japan is doing away with "Dance Geisha" as a class. Some have taken to radio singing. But the most popular radio star in Japan is a traditionalist named Katsutaro who sings the old, sad songs whose lyrics can be summed up in: "Boy meets girl, the Sleeping Spirit of the awe that fills a bamboo grove at twilight descends on them, boy has to go to the big city and work in an office, girl com-

mits suicide, boy commits suicide." One of Katsutaro's records has sold more than 600,000 copies.

BUSINESS firms in Japan make allowances for Geisha parties, now predominantly of the traditional variety, as part of their normal running expenses. Most big deals are consummated over the banquet table, with Geisha always in attendance as entertainers. Even the Japanese foreign office provides funds for entertaining visiting celebrities, foreign statesmen, foreign correspondents and puppet rulers in China, Mongolia and Manchukuo, and the parties, as this writer can testify, are overrun with Geisha. The army and navy do likewise.

It is impossible to estimate the influence which the girls have had on business and politics, simply through attending banquets. They not only "scout" the opposition by telling their favorite businessmen customers what they've picked up at banquets given by rival firms, but also offer constructive advice based on years of listening to negotiations of all kinds. And many a Japanese businessman full of *sake* (the rice wine) has been saved from signing away his factory, home and possessions by the intervention of a friendly Geisha.

The parties are usually long drinking bouts with Geisha, one seated in front of each guest, pouring rice wine into tiny cups and joining in a round if invited. From experience they know how to handle drunks—sentimental and belligerent—with finesse. They sing, dance and exchange conversations with their guests, repeating the same jokes they've told night after night for years.

The war that Japanese leaders are conducting against "dangerous Westernism" in Japan proper and the war against China on the mainland are aimed at setting up a "New Order," to use the phrase most often mentioned by Japanese army men and statesmen. Politically, this means reversion to the days when Japan was isolated from the Western World, and the end of all that is liberal, democratic or international in Japanese internal politics. Economically, it means the end of Western business in the

Orient, the setting up of a completely self-sufficient unit, with Japanese industry using raw materials from China, exploiting both the domestic market and the "400,000,000 customers" of China. Culturally, it means the uprooting of Western importations and the revival of classical theatre, such as the Noh play and the Kabuki drama, and other old arts and entertainment.

Thus, the "New Order in East Asia" is actually the Old Order. And in this new climate—new to the twentieth century—that which is old is thriving, and will continue to thrive, as never before.

Including the Geisha.

Dennis McEvoy, the 22-year-old son of J. P. McEvoy, has attended school in Germany, France, China and Japan. He was for several years a foreign correspondent in Tokyo and is now working for his Ph.D. on a fellowship at the University of Chicago. He speaks Japanese, Russian, French, German, Malayan (he says this is a cinch since the language has only a few hundred words but it sounds impressive), Italian, Spanish, Greek and (maybe) Latin. He is unmarried.

POST-MORTEM CONSULATION

HENRY VIII, upon sending an ambassador to France at a time when Franco-English relations were extremely strained, told the trembling diplomat that he would in reprisal take off the head of every

Frenchman in England if harm came to the emissary while he was in France. "Yes," answered the ambassador, "but what good would that do? None of them would fit my neck!"

—LESLIE TIHANY

A black and white portrait of Clark Gable. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and tie. He has a mustache and is looking slightly upwards and to his right. He is holding a CBS microphone in his left hand, which is raised towards his mouth. His right hand is resting on his hip. The background is dark and out of focus.

CBS

CLARK GABLE

**JULES BUCK'S JOB IS A PERPETUAL
PICNIC: HE GOES AROUND HOLLYWOOD
PROVING SCREEN STARS ARE HUMAN**



FAN-FARE WITH A CAMERA

by SIDNEY CARROLL

JULES BUCK is an apple-cheeked youngster who lives what ten million other youngsters would consider the dream life. Carole Lombard has him to tea. Robert Taylor and Errol Flynn call him "Jules." The blessed damozels of the Hollywood heavens — the Lammars, Dietrichs, Sheridans—call him friend. Now that he is twenty-three, Jules Buck is a big boy, but this sort of thing has been going on ever since he cut his first wisdom tooth—ever since he was nineteen, to be exact.

When Jules Buck arrives upon the scene of any sort of Hollywood festivity all those assembled are galvanized into strange behavior. Languid leading men try to improve their postures. Listless leading ladies become gay. It is a charade put on for the benefit of Buck, for he always carries with

him the instrument that is Hollywood's most dear and dreaded weapon, the implement whereby stars are made to flare or fizzle, whereby tenors still in their teens become gods or goons, and mugs become magnificos. A hundred thousand careers are trapped somewhere inside its web-like mechanism. Jules Buck carries a camera.

Buck is not a cameraman in Hollywood's sense of the word. His is not the kind of camera that turns. His is the still kind—the candid camera.

In Hollywood a candid cameraman is a social asset and a social, but necessary, evil. He works mainly for the fan magazines. Four million fans, not surfeited with the moving images of their idols on the screen, search for their more static embodiments

within the covers of thirteen fan magazines (combined circulation —4,000,000).

Here the fans can see their favorite glamour girls for the home-bodies they really are. Here they see Ginger Rogers, after the day of make-believe is done, mixing sodas at her own soda fountain. Here they see Joan Crawford, relaxing in any old lamé thing, listening to her very own collection of Beethoven records. Here the fans feel sure that the stars are even as you and I.

Hollywood has its own name for this sort of photography. Hollywood calls it "Art."

ALTHOUGH there are tens of thousands of candid photographs of the stars at work and play appearing in the fan magazines, there are only eight men who do the bulk of this work. Buck is one of these eight.

As a matter of fact, instead of merely being one among eight Buck is now one among one. The other seven work exclusively for the fan magazines but Buck has recently signed on the dotted line with a newspaper syndicate which services a daily audience of millions with his candid views of the stars. Teamed up with the Hollywood reporter, John Truesdell,

the two provide a rapid fire word and picture account of the doings of your favorites.

Since the standards of the daily press are a cut above those of the fan magazines, this means that Buck has been obliged to do more headwork without by any means a diminution in the amount of footwork. He has been thriving, however, on the new diet—and so have the subscribers to the service.

His office is located in one of those stately homes of England that adorn the famous Sunset Strip—that patch of scalloped roadway between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, a mecca for agents, interior decorators, night clubs, publicity agents and undertakers.

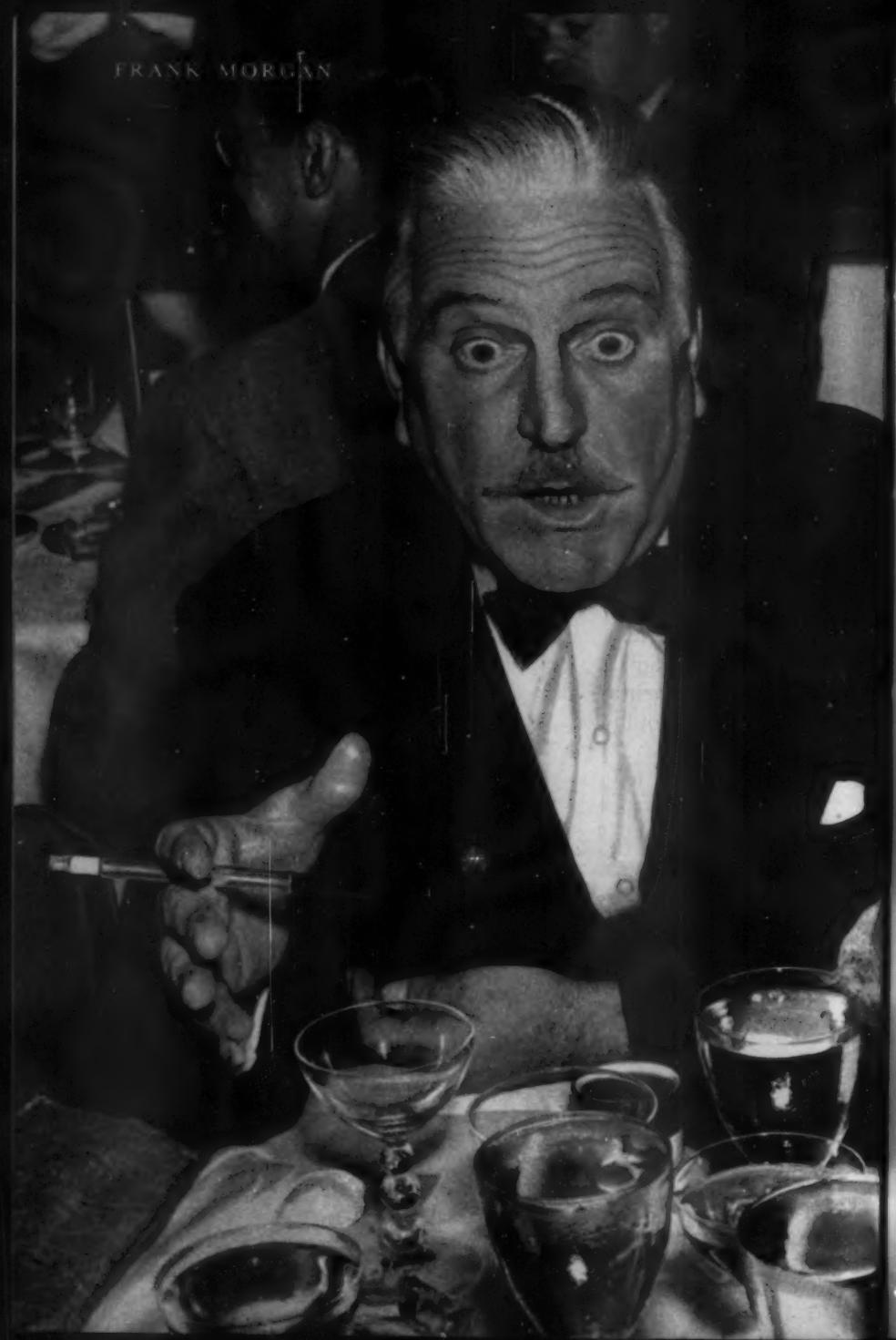
In one of the white towers that line this roadway, Buck has an office and a darkroom. These he uses only during the daytime—for printing, developing, layout and caption work—before the full burden of his daily work has yet descended on his broad shoulders. That burden falls concomitantly with the night.

The night patrol of the fan photographer covers several well-worn paths. These lead mainly to the night clubs and the previews. If a studio is running a preview there is sure to be a group of the



GARY COOPER

FRANK MORGAN



bon ton present, a handful of those blades and belles who have more idolizers than Mohammed. Buck will snap these deities arriving on the scene and disporting in the lobby. Then he will follow them to their favorite night haunts and catch them conversing and quaffing milk or the blushing Hippocrate. This is the sort of thing the fans want. They want to be reassured that the stars have some human failings—that they laugh and play and go to the movies and sit in night clubs.

Jules Buck has probably photographed more tête-à-têtes across café tables than he can count. There have been many duets he could, but would not, photograph, for the fans like their idols even as you and I—but not to the point of indiscretion.

When the field for the candid photographer is as limited as it is in Hollywood, the candid camera man must exercise some ingenuity. He must make each preview shot, each night club shot, different from its predecessor. Buck has discovered, somehow, the secret and source of infinite variety. Since it is the system upon which he depends for coffee and cake, he is not divulging either the secret or the source. His competitors can only guess at the method whereby

he finds such unending diversity in the monotony of the Hollywood social whirl.

He likes to keep his camera on his chest or resting on the shelf of his growing girth. (He is five feet seven but he weighs 175 pounds.) Thus, he can approach a star and look her straight in the eye instead of peering at her through a lens. He uses a light beam attachment on his camera and aims at the forehead of his subject while he converses with her. Thus, he can let his flash go when the victim is least prepared.

BUCK, besides, is round and jovial, a perpetual good humor type, like a daruma doll with an expansive Oriental smile. It is impossible for even the most frigid stars to "freeze" up when he comes around. He usually gets the animated expression he wants.

He was born in St. Louis and educated in Brooklyn. He learned how to take sport shots for the *Brooklyn Times* while he was still in high school, and after he graduated. He spent a year in color photography, and then—he was a very young man—he went West. For a year and a half he worked for Warner Brothers, shooting publicity shots for the Warner radio station. Then he found a



ERNST LUBITSCH AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT

candid camera in his hand.

Like every other one of the exclusive eight, he has a particular fondness for photographing Joan Crawford, who is the most co-operative of subjects. Most film stars realize the value of the sort of publicity Buck gives them, though there are a few who figure that genius has a sacred right to fits of

temperament. Occasionally Buck will grab a shot that is embarrassing to the subject. Invariably, on the following day the subject will receive the negative and print. This is the sort of thing that gains him the unqualified confidence of the movie people. "A photographer has to be a diplomat," he says, with a reasonably broad wink.

NIGHTWALK...

a dream phantasy

in photographs

by Bill Brandt















**IF YOU CAN USE PSYCHOLOGY TO HANDLE
DRUNKS OR WIVES, WHY WON'T IT WORK
WITH TRAFFIC VIOLATORS AND CRIMINALS?**



COLLEGE FOR COPS

by FRED C. KELLY

WHEN O. W. Wilson, professor in the department of political science at the University of California, was chief of police at Wichita, Kansas, he chanced to notice in the department records a surprising fact. Though many of his patrolmen from time to time arrested men charged with drunkenness, nearly all the "fighting drunks" had been handled, during six months, by only two or three officers.

Wilson looked further into the records and found that certain other officers *never* had brought in a fighting or noisy "drunk." It seemed strange that one set of officers should invariably tackle men who proved to be quiet and mild-mannered and other officers got all the tough cases.

Additional investigation showed that many of the men arrested for

drunkenness had been brought in more than once; but the same man who was fighting or obstreperous one time might be mild enough at other times. Evidently the difference was not in the men arrested so much as in the techniques of the patrolmen who did the arresting. Some knew how to maintain friendly relations but others stirred antagonism.

Wilson then talked to one of the patrolmen whose record showed that he had made nearly every arrest without the slightest noise or rumpus. He asked the man how he did it.

The policeman chuckled. "I often use the same scheme I do with my wife," he said. "Sometimes she gets mad and talks loud. It's no use to try to drown her out by talking still louder. I hit on a way to make her pipe down. In-

stead of shouting back at her I whisper. Using the same idea, I whisper to a noisy drunk. He doesn't know what's up, but he soon begins to whisper to me. It never fails."

Thenceforth whispering became one of the regular tools of the Wichita police department.

Wilson, who had taken a college degree before going into police work, recognized more and more that a keen knowledge of human psychology is not only helpful to police officers but is essential if a police department is to meet modern demands. He saw that police work must become less of a knack and more of a science. By acting on that belief, Wilson made the Wichita department one of the best in the United States and it was his work there that led to his becoming professor of police administration at the University of California.

"A POLICEMAN is engaged, or should be," Wilson points out, "in a public relations job — to make the public willing to observe certain rules and regulations that most citizens think are necessary. He represents the conscience of a community. Hence the more respect each officer commands, the more smoothly operate the

rules under which all citizens get along with one another.

"But he can't command the respect that would be useful to him in his job if he is less intelligent or noticeably inferior in any way to the average person he deals with. In an ideal situation, his education must be at least equal to that of the average citizen. He must know enough of human psychology to be able to get along well with other people. He is dealing with people all day long, reminding them of what they must or must not do; and since much of his work is restrictive it is likely to be unpopular. But if the policeman comes up to the requirements of his job, he contrives not to arouse antagonism. His success at this is in proportion to how well he understands human psychology."

Wilson reminds us that while the police must catch criminals, recover stolen property, and otherwise combat people not in sympathy with rules for the common good, yet most police relations are with ordinary, fairly law-abiding citizens. In his job of personnel director, the policeman must "handle" average folk who pay his salary in the expectation that he will prevent them from becoming too annoying to one an-

other. As an example of this, Wilson mentions the handling of automobile traffic.

Now, almost every citizen agrees that automobile traffic should be regulated. He favors stop and go signals at important intersections and speed limits. But the one time he is not in sympathy with enforcing such rules is when they chance to affect *him*. It is as if he thought rules were made only for the other fellow. When stopped by a motor cop, because of reckless driving, his first impulse is to deny that he is at fault and then to vent his spleen on the officer. If the policeman retorts in kind, there may be an argument that accomplishes nothing except to make one more driver hate cops.

But it is in just such situations that the policeman can demonstrate if he has intelligence and proper training. If, as Wilson suggests, the police officer knows his psychology, then the whole thing is impersonal. He knows it is as natural for a driver to resent being stopped or interfered with and to make face-saving remarks — particularly if he happens to have his girl friend with him—as it is for a hungry man to crave food. The trained policeman knows, too, that any sarcastic remarks he himself might make in reply would

also be from the same natural human impulse of face-saving — all the more so if the girl with the driver is comely. He knows that to follow his emotions would only prolong argument and serve no sensible purpose.

WHEN WILSON first studied this problem, it was common for a motor policeman to ask a speeder: "How fast were you going?"

The speeder was almost sure to tell a lie. When the policeman contradicted him, the speeder got sassy and then the argument was on.

Wilson saw that asking questions only made trouble. Every word that started or prolonged an argument must be avoided. Instead of asking a speeder how fast he was going, the traffic police were instructed simply to say: "You were driving a bit too fast. Please let me see your driver's license."

If a driver was nevertheless cantankerous and abusive, the cop might take out a little notebook and write down whatever the driver said. It's not easy to go on abusing a man who makes no reply but merely jots down your ill-natured remarks. A number of traffic policemen used other psychological devices known to be use-

ful in *any* kind of human relations. Wilson noted that the man on his force whose work brought the fewest complaints was one who made much use of flattery. When a driver started to be abusive, this policeman paid no attention to the ill-natured remarks but would suddenly take note of some gadget on the car and express admiration for it. Or, if the driver had a dog with him, the policeman smilingly inquired what breed it was.

Wilson stressed to his officers the psychological fact that by giving physical signs of a certain emotion it is possible to arouse the same emotion in another. When an officer is smiling and agreeable, the other fellow is likely to smile back. A corollary to this is that an officer can create an emotion or attitude *within himself* by giving physical evidence of it. If he behaves in a friendly manner he begins to feel friendly.

A card of warning to a traffic violator proved to be more effective than a fine. The fine, without previous warning, aroused resentment; but no driver could feel serious indignation about a courteous warning. Wilson soon discovered, too, that it was psychologically unsound to permit a patrolman to keep a man wondering whether he would be arrested or

only warned. That uncertainty would amount to punishment, and meting out punishment is a judicial rather than a police function. Hence, the policeman was under instruction to announce at once: "I'm going to give you a warning," as he started to fill out the card. Thus the traffic violator was promptly put at his ease, with no excuse to feel resentful.

Another psychological method sometimes effectively used was to apply the knowledge that a good way to make a friend is by persuading a person to do *you* a favor. Since doing a favor makes a person subconsciously proud of himself, he somehow feels a warmth toward the one who provided the opportunity. Hence Wilson's men occasionally said to traffic violators something like this:

"You're the kind of fellow a lot of people are inclined to imitate. If you drive more carefully, others will follow your lead. That would make my job a lot easier. Will you do that for me?"

A driver is much more likely to be cautious because he has come to feel friendly toward Patrolman Smith than because he has to pay a fine.

Wilson discovered that there are good psychological reasons back of his belief that a patrolman

going about his duties in an automobile alone is more efficient than if he were accompanied by a brother officer. Two officers together may be distracted from the job by their own conversation. One officer in a car is also *safer* than two. He is less likely to risk his life if he knows he must rely solely on his own resourcefulness and ability. The presence of the second officer may give a patrolman a sense of courage out of proportion to the added protection. Moreover, the average policeman is more inclined to be reckless, to step into hazardous situations without preparation, when a fellow officer is present to admire his courage, or to misinterpret wise precautions for cowardice.

"When the police give more time to crime prevention, as they are beginning to," says Wilson, "only men of exceptional intelligence will be suitable. In recent

years we have begun to pay attention to scientific consideration of crime and its causes. 'Punishment to fit the crime' is giving way to 'treatment to fit the criminal.' Just as preventive medicine has nearly eradicated certain diseases, so the police may finally prevent development of criminals.

"Crime prevention is society's problem. But it is the police who must constantly direct attention to the problem and efforts toward its solution. Well-educated police of high character will be needed for this job."

*Fred C. Kelly began to write for newspapers when he was a freshman in high school and has been writing ever since. In 1910 he went to Washington to start the first syndicated daily gossip column. It appeared in some 60 papers until he was compelled to drop it when he became a secret agent for the Government during the first World War. One of his books, *How to Lose Your Money Prudently*, forced a change in the banking laws of his state. His home, Hickory Hills, at Peninsula, Ohio, is a 605 acre farm; but he doesn't permit any farming because the green fields look so pretty; he has planted trees instead.*

CAESAR: NEW VERSION

JOSEPH ADDISON was once approached for an opinion regarding the physicians of his day. For answer, he gave the following quotation, credited as Caesar's description of the armies of ancient Britain: *Some slay*

on foot and some in chariots. If the infantry do not so much execution as the cavalry, it is because they cannot convey themselves with so much velocity into all quarters, nor despatch their business in so short a time.

—L. R. ALWOOD

**FIFTY QUESTIONS THAT PLACE YOU
ON A SPOT FROM WHICH ONLY
YOUR INGENUITY CAN REMOVE YOU**



TO THE RESCUE

THIS quiz places you in fifty different situations, some of them provocative and some of them provoking. In extricating yourself from these situations, you are asked to exercise the highest quality of an executive—the selection of the right man for the right job. Many of the characters mentioned are alive, others are dead; many

of them are taken from real life, others are fictional. Don't pay any attention to that. Just select the one in each group of three who seems to fit *most aptly* into the circumstance described. Count two points for each correct choice. A score of 60 is fair, 70 is good, 80 is excellent and 90 or over exceptional. Answers are on page 104.

1. You have inherited a gold mine, but don't know how to go about working it. To whom would you turn?
(a) Henry A. Wallace, (b) Herbert Hoover, (c) General Johnson
2. You'd like aid in doing away (permanently) with your worst enemy. Who would be helpful?
(a) Verlaine, (b) Madame Pompadour, (c) Lucrezia Borgia
3. You're scheduled to deliver a sermon and urgently require the services of a ghostwriter. Whom?
(a) Stephen Collins Foster, (b) Cotton Mather, (c) Edgar Allan Poe
4. Being in the market for a fine bust of yourself, you award the commission to:
(a) Praxiteles, (b) Metaxas, (c) Aristophanes
5. You've been asked to drive a

- pair of spirited horses, but you turn the assignment over to:
- (a) The Count of Monte Cristo, (b) Fortinbras, (c) Ben Hur
6. Requiring a ghost to haunt a near-by house, you employ the services of:
- (a) Melancholy Jacques, (b) MacDuff, (c) Banquo
7. You have come across several fossils. Being at a loss to identify them, you turn to:
- (a) Luther Burbank, (b) Louis Agassiz, (c) Louis Pasteur
8. You're looking for just the man to design a very, very fancy gold salt and pepper shaker. Whom?
- (a) D. Alighieri, (b) D. Donizetti, (c) B. Cellini
9. You could use a capable second baseman very nicely on your team, and therefore send an SOS to:
- (a) Earnshaw, (b) Bottomley, (c) Gehringer
10. You'd like some personal information about one William Shakespeare, and so you address yourself to:
- (a) Ben Jonson, (b) Edmund Spenser, (c) Robert Herrick
11. You're very much in the mood for female companionship and consequently make a date to have dinner with:
- (a) George Gissing, (b) George Eliot, (c) Baudelaire
12. You have been handed a tough problem in military tactics. To whom would you appeal for aid?
- (a) Beaumarchais, (b) Beau-regard, (c) Beaumont
13. One of these three has entered into a conspiracy against you. Whom, on his record, do you suspect?
- (a) Guy Fawkes, (b) Claudius Galen, (c) Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka
14. If a member of your family showed signs of mental unbalance, which of these men would you consult?
- (a) Mortimer Adler, (b) Alfred Adler, (c) Larry Adler
15. Seeking a first-hand account of prison life, you turn to:
- (a) Cervantes, (b) Velasquez, (c) Isidora Duncan
16. For some unknown reason, you decide to commission the composition of a special toccata and fugue for the organ; you select:
- (a) Sir Charles Napier, (b) César Franck, (c) Lucas Cranach
17. Having been told you can identify the new neighbor by his dark complexion, you have

- little trouble in recognizing:
- (a) The Emperor Jones, (b) El Greco, (c) William Blackstone
18. You and your mother think your life story worth recording for posterity; you might choose one of these as your biographer:
- (a) Walter Hampden, (b) James Boswell, (c) John Wilkes Boothe
19. Interested in all phases of African life, you go out of your way to scrape up an acquaintance with:
- (a) Smuts, (b) Loti, (c) Duse
20. Being on the spot, you require an ingenious lie to extricate yourself. Which of these men might come to your rescue?
- (a) Ananias, (b) Alcibiades, (c) John Bunyan
21. Your best friend's wife has been on a rampage lately; you know that just the man to tame her is:
- (a) Rawley Crawdon, (b) Petruccio, (c) Jiggs
22. Upon the occasion of your maiden aunt's birthday, you select a book for her written by which of the following:
- (a) D. H. Lawrence, (b) James Joyce, (c) William Lyon Phelps
23. Having donated the money for a cathedral to your city, you insist that an experienced architect be retained, for example:
- (a) Christopher Wren, (b) Benedetto Croce, (c) Joshua Reynolds
24. Just for the sheer novelty of it, you'd like a suit tailored by a United States President: man most likely to succeed would be:
- (a) Abraham Lincoln, (b) Zachary Taylor, (c) Andrew Johnson
25. You also want a gallon of liquor distilled by a President; you nominate:
- (a) George Washington, (b) Warren G. Harding, (c) Andrew Jackson
26. As a plastic surgeon, you think you could exercise your skill to best advantage on the physiognomy of:
- (a) Amerigo Vespucci, (b) Cyrano de Bergerac, (c) Gulliver
27. When you go away for an extended trip, you decide to leave your pet birds in the care of:
- (a) Marco Polo, (b) Little John, (c) St. Francis of Assisi
28. Being fond of good food and luxurious comforts, and desiring to reconcile this predisposi-

- tion to your conscience, you heartily espouse the philosophy of:
(a) Bergson, (b) Swedenborg,
(c) Epicurus
29. You have crossed your last bridge and the enemy is hot on your heels; preferably the man covering your retreat is:
(a) Catiline, (b) Horatius, (c)
Juvenal
30. Requiring a new code of laws to replace the old one, you appoint as attorney general:
(a) Hamilcar, (b) Louis XV,
(c) Solon
31. You'd be especially sure to hear from Ripley if you owned this horse:
(a) Pegasus, (b) Reigh Count,
(c) Rosinante
32. Parched with thirst, you await with open arms and mouth the arrival of:
(a) Abdul the Bul-Bul Ameer,
(b) Gunga Din, (c) John
Drinkwater
33. You have the boat but you're missing a pilot for your Mississippi River cruise, therefore you accept the assistance of:
(a) Ferdinand Magellan, (b)
Mark Twain, (c) Richard
E. Byrd
34. The employment agency, in reply to your request for a cook, outdid itself in sending
- out to your house:
(a) Michel de Montaigne; (b)
Rasselias, (c) Escoffier
35. Encountering a monstrous sea serpent on the beach, you run home and send as a substitute for yourself:
(a) Colonel Julian, (b) Don
Quixote, (c) St. George
36. Which of the following men would you authorize to buy real estate for you?
(a) Seward, (b) Roger Bacon,
(c) Francis Bacon
37. In the big swimming marathon, you naturally place your wager on:
(a) Leander, (b) Ethan Frome,
(c) Hans Brinker
38. The difficult riddle you propound is most likely to be solved by:
(a) Childe Harold, (b) The
Ancient Mariner, (c)
Oedipus
39. Not being able to enlist the services of a professional locksmith, you decide to take a chance on an amateur:
(a) Lovelace, (b) Louis XVI,
(c) Walt Whitman
40. Face to face with a lion, you'd be safest in the company of:
(a) Richard the Lion Hearted,
(b) Timon of Athens, (c)
Androcles
41. Marooned on a desert island,

- you're glad to be joined by:
- (a) The Venerable Bede, (b) The Unbearable Bassington, (c) The Admirable Crichton
42. Since your daughter is a ballet dancer, you decide to have her picture painted by:
- (a) Turner, (b) Degas, (c) Constable
43. A near-sighted friend sat down on your violin. Which one of these could make a better fiddle of the pieces?
- (a) Paulo da Rimini, (b) Alaric, (c) Nicholas Amati
44. You decide to brush up on your Greek under the tutelage of:
- (a) Sappho, (b) Ariosto, (c) Achates
45. Deciding to bridge the river which flows through your estate, you employ:
- (a) Fichte, (b) Clive, (c) Goethals
46. Of the three, you judge that the heaviest man is:
- (a) John Falstaff, (b) Uriah Heep, (c) Ichabod Crane
47. You learn to your regret that you have wasted good food in serving a juicy steak to:
- (a) George Bernard Shaw, (b) G. K. Chesterton, (c) Max Beerbohm
48. In a three-man bowling match, you shrewdly place your bet on:
- (a) Anthony Rowley, (b) Sir Francis Drake, (c) Tom Thumb
49. Of the following three men whom would it be most tactless to invite to a showing of a movie?
- (a) Samuel Taylor Coleridge, (b) John Dryden, (c) John Milton
50. You pause at this point to pay your respects to the great Spanish hero:
- (a) Cimabue, (b) Cesar Cui, (c) Cid Campeador

HEALTH TO BURN

HYPPOCHONDRIACS like to imagine themselves sick when they are well. A woman of this type was cataloguing a long list of complaints to her physician: rheumatism, neur-

tis, heart trouble, and half a dozen others. "Ah," said the physician warmly, "what splendid health you must have to enjoy all these complaints."

—LEE BARFIELD

**PALE, HIS MOUTH TWITCHING, MARKO
STOOD WITH ALL THE ANGER OF A MAN
IN HIS FIERY EYES: A SHORT STORY**



THE WEDDING KNIFE

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

"**Y**ou'll come to the wedding, Rai," Marko the young Gypsy flute player said as he entered my room.

"Why, Marko, chal, how are you?"

"Sarrassan, Rai. You'll come to my wedding tonight, won't you?" he asked twisting himself a cigarette.

"Well, yes . . . To whom are you to be wedded and where, Marko?"

"To the spitfire . . . to Limba," he said looking at me provocingly, "and you know where . . . in the same hall our people always use; on First Avenue, near the river. But you'll come. I want you to come, Rai. Promise." And Marko put out his left hand to seal the bargain before leaving me.

I had known Marko and Limba

for many years, known their parents and relatives, and visited with them in the cellars they inhabited, on New York's East Side, whenever they wandered into the city, coming from the North, the West and the South of the country. Handsome men, all, and beautiful women; the men tall and broad-shouldered, the women small and cameo faced. The men magnificent musicians, the women superb dancers. Argentine dancers one week, the next week Cuban, Brazilian, Honduran or Hungarian, changing their rhythm when they changed costumes, but always fluttering tropical birds in gay feathers.

Marko and Limba had been childhood sweethearts. I had taken it for granted that they would marry; so had everybody else. But that last spring she had neglected

Marko and had been running around with Vasili, the slick-haired violin player who was known to be a heartbreaker. She had played the same night clubs with him for a while, dancing to his music, and a blind man could have seen that she was in love with him, turning and twisting around him on the stage, dancing more for his approval than for the entertainment of the guests. Slick, sleepy-eyed Vasili looked like a gigolo and never left the stage without seeking out the eyes of the women in the audience.

One night, a snowy winter night, I met Marko in the street as I was coming out of a night club on Second Avenue. We shook hands:

"She thinks she is in love with him," Marko had said without preamble. "And he thinks he is breaking my heart . . . the fool!" And he had gone away without another word.

THE WEDDING hall, on First Avenue close to New York's East River, looked as though a storm of living color had been blown into it. Reds, greens, blues and yellows of every shade and shape whirled and turned and tossed from every angle all at once; glided, turned and twisted themselves

in sprays of colored waves, while hundreds of rising and falling voices mingled in song and speech and laughter. Every scent of body and flower floated in the air.

The floor of the hall, as in every Gypsy wedding, was literally covered with candy and sugar which the dancers crushed with their feet. At the far end of the hall, on a pile of rugs on a dais, like on a barbaric throne, sat the bride and the groom, Marko and Limba; the bride dressed in virginal white, the groom in black but with a red vest and a yellow tie. Limba's cameo-like brown little oval face was sharply delineated against her white headshawl tied under the chin. Her large eyes were like burning coals.

From time to time an old Gypsy called out at the top of his voice: "Is the bride beautiful?" and the dancers stopped for a moment to yell "Yes, she is!" and to pelt Limba with flowers and candy wrapped in colored handkerchiefs and pieces of ribbon. When another Gypsy called out "Is the groom strong?" all the women rushed toward Marko, with outstretched arms, but stepped back when Limba put her hand on his shoulders to show that he belonged to her.

After an hour of continuous

dancing, in pairs and in swirling wide opening and closing circles, the fiddle players and the flutists put their instruments down and the dancers broke up to sit down on benches alongside the wall, to talk, to laugh, to sing and to cry, while whole families spread out colored table cloths on the floor, unpacked baskets of food and drink, and sat down to eat the "Taifas," the wedding meal, which each family had brought with them.

WALKING up to Limba I patted her shoulders and wished her great happiness with the Rom. Marko's eyes were searching for someone and he didn't hear what I had said.

"He is wishing me great happiness with you, Marko chal," Limba said tugging at his sleeve.

"Yes, yes. Thanks, Rai," Marko said giving me his right hand but without looking at me.

Marko's eyes were wandering from the entrance of the hall to the groups that were coming in and going out and he didn't hear what his bride said. Nor did he notice me when I left the foot of their throne to mingle with the crowd.

"Don't leave yet, Rai," Limba whispered. "There is something

on his heart. I don't know what. But please, don't leave, Rai."

I had many friends in the hall. One-eyed Costa whom I hadn't seen in years, since he had gone to Mexico. Barsha, the singer, he of the deep voice, who had gone to Hollywood to sing in the movies but had played Tarzan instead. Gara, the bear tamer. And Tira and Sena who had become famous in San Francisco's Fair as Argentine dancers. And each one wanted to tell me what had happened to him or her since we had last seen each other and every one wanted me to share his food, or drink from the same glass, or smoke the same cigarette in token of old friendship.

"I can't take my eyes off Marko," Costa said to me after a while. "He has grown into a man in the last few years. And there is all the anger of a man in his eyes tonight. Look at him!"

I looked at Marko. He was standing up and scanning the hall. Limba was like a frightened white bird as she looked up at him imploringly. Her mother, in a red silk dress over which she wore a priceless shawl, came up to talk to her. Limba, the spitfire, meekly hid her head in her mother's shoulder for a moment. The face was bathed in tears when she lifted

her head to look at Marko again. Pale, and his mouth twitching, he was watching the door and rising on his toes when a fresh batch of guests came in running to kiss the friends they saw inside the hall.

A long wail from the flute, a screeching sound from a dozen violins and the hundreds of skirts began to whirl again, waving and tossing riots of color. Somehow and from somewhere, a couple of tame bears were led into the hall by a rear window. Instantly the dancers formed a large laughing circle about the two bewildered brown beasts and danced round and round them while urging the bears to dance. After much teasing and urging, and after they had drunk several bottles of beer, each of the bears rose on his hind legs and began to hop about, growling, lunging at each other and at the dancers and blinking their somnolent beady little eyes.

When the merriment was at its height, the owner of the hall appeared suddenly and threatened to throw us all out unless the bears were taken out of the building instantly. While one group of Gypsies were arguing with the owner and telling him there were no bears in the hall, the other Gypsies danced furiously to cover up

two boys who were taking the bears out of a window, down the fire escape, to a waiting car, before the owner of the place had actually seen the bears.

"Who says bears? What bears? Where are these bears, man alive?" the Gypsies now shouted.

Some of the Gypsy women danced with monkeys sitting on their heads and others with parrots perching on their shoulders. In a corner of the hall the very young chais and chals, nut-brown all, exhibited to each other their trained blackbirds and tame crows, whose tongues they had slit to enable them to speak with almost human voices.

WHILE ALL THIS was going on, Marko was searching the hall with his eyes. He'd sit down from time to time beside Limba and offer her a puff from his cigarette, or take a puff from hers, or say a few words to her, but it was quite evident that she wasn't in his mind at all. . . . Not on that wedding night which every one in the hall knew he had hoped and prayed for ever since he had been a little boy.

Just before midnight Limba's father asked the groom whether he was ready for the wedding ceremony. In the last hour or so an

old Gypsy had been sharpening a knife on a whetstone, making it razor sharp, for the incision on the wrists of the groom and the bride, so that their bloods should mingle.

Marko shook his head. No, he wasn't ready. Limba's father remonstrated with him but Marko looked over the heads of the people in the hall and shook his head. No, he wasn't ready.

Suddenly the door of the hall filled itself with a group of Gypsy men and young women who came in laughing and merged themselves with the swirling dancers. The music stopped. The dancing continued. Marko sat down on the pile of rugs and quietly rolled himself a cigarette while Limba was hiding her face in her mother's shoulder. I looked at the crowd and saw Vasili . . . slick, with a smirk on his face, dressed in black, his black hair glossy and patted down and his sleepy eyes as insolent as ever.

I brushed past him and whispered quickly, "You fool! Why have you come?"

"Because I was invited," he answered, cutting in on a couple that was still dancing though no music was being played.

The silent dancing had created a terrible tension. "Is the bride

beautiful?" an old Gypsy called out at the top of his voice. There was no answer. Marko rose and called out: "Vasili, come here!"

The dancing stopped abruptly. Vasili walked up jauntily to the pile of rugs on which the groom and bride were sitting and said, "I am here. What do you want?"

"You once wanted to marry Limba, Vasili. Do you still want to marry her?" Marko asked and his hand reached for the knife the old Gypsy had been sharpening for the incisions on the wrists of the bride and groom. The Gypsies rushed forward until they were like a solid wall of color behind Vasili. He turned, looked at the crowd, and then at Limba whose head was still hidden in her mother's shoulder, and at Marko whose right hand was playing with the sharp knife, and seemed unable to make up his mind as to what to say.

"Speak up, Rom!" Marko said, stepping down from the dais. "Do you still want to marry Limba?"

"I do . . . yes . . . I do," Vasili said in hardly audible tones.

"Say it louder. Say it so everybody can hear you, Vasili."

Somewhere in the hall a young Gypsy girl broke out in a long wail and rushed out.

"Say it so everybody can hear

you, Vasili. Do you still want to marry Limba?" Marko urged, taking a firmer grip on the handle of the long knife.

"I do . . . I do . . . I do want to marry her," Vasili finally said at the top of his voice as Marko took a step closer to him.

"Good!" Marko cried. And handing the knife back to the old Gypsy he told him, "Now, go ahead with the ceremony, Daron."

But when Vasili put out his hand for the incision, Marko slapped it down and offered his hand instead to the old man.

"You swine!" he spat at Vasili. "I have only wanted to show to the Prala, our friends, that I, Marko, wasn't marrying a woman

that Vasili didn't want any more. Get out now!" And turning to Limba, Marko said, "Give the Daron your wrists, Limba . . . so that our bloods mingle. And let's have music again. Hey, fiddlers, music! And cut deep Daron, I want to feel the pain. Go ahead and dance! It is my wedding." And throwing me a snow-white handkerchief Marko said:

"Here, Rai. You tie our wrists together and wish us happiness."

And the Dance continued.

Konrad Bercovici knows gypsies and has become famous for his tales of these colorful people. He was born in Rumania 58 years ago and since coming to the United States in 1916 has turned out a host of novels, short stories and plays; he also has done his stint in Hollywood. The Bercovici home is in Ridgefield, Connecticut.

THOMAS BENTON

Both sides of the facing gatefold find Thomas Hart Benton at his best. Two of his chief attributes—the plasticity of his figures and the strength of his rhythmical outlines—are especially in evidence. Born in Neosho, Missouri, Benton has spent most of his 41 years as a jack of many arts: as an illustrator, at the age of 16, for a Joplin, Missouri, paper; as a student, first at the Chicago Art Institute and subsequently, for five years, in the ateliers of Paris; as a painter of movie sets; as a camouflage artist for the United States Navy; as a teacher of repute and a midwest prophet with honor; and in recent years as perhaps the ranking painter-muralist-lithographer of American people and places.

NEW YEAR'S EVE BY THOMAS BENTON

ABOTT LABORATORIES COLLECTION





NEW YEAR'S EVE BY THOMAS BENTON

ABOTT LABORATORIES COLLECTION





THE WOODPILE BY THOMAS BENTON



THE WOODPILE BY THOMAS BENTON

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

THE QUAKE THAT ROCKED THE MIDWEST A CENTURY
AGO, IF IT REURRED TODAY, WOULD BE THE MOST
STAGGERING CALAMITY EVER KNOWN TO MANKIND



AMERICA'S GREATEST EARTHQUAKE

by VICTOR HUGO BOESEN

SHORTLY before the first flush of dawn on the morning of November 16, 1811, while the night birds were still flinging their eerie and melancholy song to the darkness, a party of boatmen anchored to an island in the Mississippi just above a point known as Devil's Channel, near Chickasaw Bluffs, Missouri, were awakened by a terrific rocking of their craft.

Springing terror-stricken to the door of the cabin, thinking they had been beset by Indians, they peered out into the gloom. The thought of Indians was soon dispelled by the realization of a thunderous tirade that seemed to engulf the universe. A sharp hissing mingled with the throatier reverberations, which appeared to come from within the earth. The shrill discord of wild fowl in alarm blended from far and near.

Accompanying this medley of deafening sound was an immensity of motion. The island anchorage could be seen trembling against the dark canopy of the night like driftwood struggling back into the current. From both sides of the river came the swishing crash of trees riding into the water on collapsing banks, in a moment beginning to brush past the boat in great tangled masses.

For a terrible moment stillness reigned, a sound track stopped in its unreeling. The instant of respite only served to punctuate a second convulsion so fierce that it seemed some fantastic hand of fate were bent on shaking the world asunder. The precipitous banks of the river above and below the island resumed their plunge into the roiling current, bearing more forest with them.

The discordant cries of the birds listed to new crescendos.

Starting at two o'clock, there were twenty-seven shocks before daybreak, each preceded by a flash of fire and a subterranean cannonading that rose like an overture of doom. When the light of day at last struggled mercifully on the night, its vaporous glow soon vanished behind a new curtain of darkness raised by a shock as violent as the first two, which were the greatest of the long series to follow.

SO WAS manifested this earthquake which began shaking the Mississippi Basin in pioneer days, one of the earth's most unique and tremendous convulsions, and whose recurrence today would result in carnage and destruction more terrible and complete than any other in the history of the world.

Nearly forgotten now because of the sparsely populated nature of the area at the time, these shocks were felt throughout all settled portions of the United States, exceeding in every aspect of earthquake phenomena the subsequent shocks at Charleston and San Francisco.

The affected area extended from Lake St. Clair in the north to the

Gulf of Mexico, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic seaboard. For fourteen months not a day passed without a shock, and not until after two years did the disturbances cease entirely. The beginning three months were marked by almost continuous shaking, 1,874 shocks altogether, sixty-seven between November 16 and December 28, eight of these violently destructive.

The thick skins of the earth, clear down to the deep sub-surface deposits buried when the world was young, shivered like gravel in a sifter, erupting hot sand, water, and carbonized wood, blown out by gas through well-like craters. Thousands of square miles of forest-grown expanse rose and fell under progressive rolling waves like an ocean lashed by a hurricane, cracking open in yawning chasms up to seventy feet wide, running mostly in a north and south direction, indicating a movement of the land toward continental drains. The chasms devoured trees by the thousands, drank up age-old bayous, leaving their bottoms richly tillable, and sent rivers and streams scurrying down new courses.

Hardly an acre escaped the general change of configuration. Hills and bluffs lost their steep declivi-

ties in a leveling with the valleys, which came up to meet them. New lakes formed behind dams flung across streams, and the largest of these, Reelfoot, in Tennessee, remains today as a perennial reminder of the near-millennium a century ago, a 125-square-mile monument of water to the nation's most stupendous earthquake.

THIRTEEN MILES above the settlement of New Madrid, Missouri, on a day in February another party of boatmen floundered in the grip of the disintegration. The trees were being agitated like reeds in the wind. Sparks leaped from the earth, and the horizon glowed intermittently with what resembled heat lightning. All nature seemed in a state of dissolution, is the way one man described it. The panic-stricken men cut loose from their mooring and headed for the middle of the current, out of the way of the crashing timber. There they were carried up-stream with the speed of a galloping horse. *The river had reversed itself.* So violent was the tossing of the boat that they were obliged to hold onto their headgear. Gradually the river resumed its normal direction, but maintaining its mad churning and alternately rushing

and halting under the influence of the upthrusts and sinkings of the bed.

Six miles farther downstream they came to a cataract six feet high extending across the river and half a mile long, *a cataract which had not been there before.* It was torn by whirlpools where the water rushed into holes in the bottom. The forest on both sides was falling "like soldiers grounding their arms at the word of command."

At New Madrid the boatmen found the cowering settlers fled to the woods, imploring God to save them. Those not paralyzed with fright were frantically felling trees at transverse angles with the cavernous fissures running through the forest, many of them already bridged by woodland giants which had been cleft up their trunks.

On the felled trees the trembling people perched chattering for deliverance, certain the end of the world was upon them. The town had sunk twelve feet, and the river was up the same distance, inundating the village and wrecking some thirty river craft moored at the wharf, including one loaded with five hundred barrels of flour. Many of the rivermen and townspeople had drowned. The collapse of the houses, built of interlocking

logs, the best possible insurance against earthquake action, offered further proof of the shocks' tremendous violence.

Horsemen caught in the Kentucky countryside, including the great naturalist Audubon, told of their horses balking and bracing their legs well before the men themselves detected the coming demonstration of nature. Other than this, there was no premonitory warning, except a darkened sky, which they assumed to herald a rainstorm. When the first shock broke, it was as if the earth had gone into a shimmy dance. Trees shivered, then interlocked their branches and crashed in crazy heaps. Giant clefts in the earth ripped thunderously through the forest.

A black ooze bubbled from the cracks and craters which soon reached to the horses' bellies. Water spewed up in geysers as high as the tallest trees, accompanied by the hiss of escaping gas which in a few minutes had saturated the atmosphere with a sulphurous vapor, making breathing difficult. Streams became poisoned with sulphur for stretches of hundreds of miles, deadly to any life which drank of them.

While memory of this dramatic chapter in American geologic an-

nals has dimmed, the traveler through the region finds much to tell of its occurrence. In addition to Reelfoot Lake, he finds "sand blows," mounds of pure white sand three to four feet high and up to one hundred yards wide dotting the countryside . . . the sand so pure it refuses to support vegetation.

MANY OF the original craters and fissures closed at once after disgorging the varied substances from the earth's interior, but thousands of both yet remain, the fissures hundreds of feet long and up to fifty feet wide, with trees growing in their bottoms. In the southwest corner of Kentucky sixty years later some of these were still seventy feet wide, and in Obion County, Tennessee, are some a hundred feet wide and measuring the same depth, though only half their original size. The edges of the craters pockmarking the land are rimmed with a curious carbonized formation, tell-tale signs of the vast chemistry within the mother of all life.

Abundant springs trill from the hillsides in shaded solitude, and barren places remain where hills and bluffs slipped to a more democratic level with the majority terrain. Artesian wells send up per-

petual jets of icy, sparkling water.

What caused this epic of subterranean chaos, this disturbance that has few, if any, parallels? By all the known rules, it shouldn't have happened. Many of its features are without precedent. It not only lasted longer than other quakes and caused greater changes in topography, but it was unique for occurring in a region remote from a seat of volcanic action. Nor is there any record of a great river such as the Mississippi reversing its course during earth shock; and the formation of barriers across the river over which the water broke in cataracts is among the most amazing features ever to result during the course of seismic action.

SCIENCE, for a time nonplussed by these breeches of approved geologic behavior, ascribed it to the action of sub-surface artesian springs deep in the earth which for uncounted ages had been washing away the sand beneath the harder layers above. When the collapse came, the effect was the same as when a perforated surface is pushed against a liquid; geysers spew through the holes, and the surface tends to buckle. Men of science found that a slight disturbance of this condition at a

given point could easily set off the succession of cataclysmic temblors that took place.

They found, in other words, that having happened, it *could* happen, and moreover, that it can happen again. A study of the frequency of earthquakes in regions given to seismic disturbances in major degree reveals that they occur on an average of every one hundred years. Evidence discovered in the New Madrid area after the 1811 shocks indicated there had been a quake of gigantic proportions one or two centuries before, long in advance of the white man. This is betrayed chiefly by the presence of immense fissures with forest growing in their bottoms. If the readjustment of the sub-strata is still incomplete, it seems certain that another of the same immensity will occur.

What this would mean is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. Certainly, it would result in the most staggering calamity yet known to man. It would mean the leveling of such large cities as St. Louis and Memphis and the innumerable smaller communities that have come up in the last century.

By comparison with the quake at Messina in 1908, which snuffed out two hundred thousand lives

in a matter of seconds, leaving scarcely a stone in place, the New Madrid quake, so remembered because of its distinction as the largest settlement near the quake's center, was vastly more severe in all respects, except for the factor of death, which would have reached inestimably larger figures under the same conditions of population.

There is the added thought in support of a recurrence that geologic evolution, like time itself, knows no rest. There is no such thing as a static condition in the

universe. Whether our attention is drawn to it by thunderous symphonies of earth-rending change, movement is inexorably constant and a prime law of the world, a law that admits of neither appeal nor repeal.

Victor Hugo Boesen's father, as is obvious, was a devoted admirer of Victor Hugo. This Victor, now 31, left Greencastle, Indiana, at the age of 19 to try his hand at a miscellany of jobs, the steadiest of them being as a reporter in Chicago. From that he went into radio work, faring so atrociously that he migrated to Southern California last year because his wardrobe was no longer adapted to a Mid-Western winter. Now fully clothed, he is thinking of returning to his native habitat and starting all over again.

BACK TO PAGANISM

AT A dinner party in New York, a lady who sat across the table from me leaned over and asked, "Are you a Protestant?"

"No," I said, "I am not a Protestant."

"Oh, you mean you are a Catholic?"

"No," I said. "I am not a Catholic."

The lady seemed thoroughly bewildered. In order to spare her further questioning, I explained that I was a Greek Orthodox.

"A Greek Orthodox," she

replied. "How wonderful and how original!"

It was my turn to be puzzled. I saw nothing particularly wonderful or original in my belonging to a religion that counts two hundred and fifty million people among its followers. A moment later I heard the lady say to her dinner partner:

"Isn't it perfectly thrilling that the Grand Duchess is a Greek Orthodox. Just imagine. . . . In this year and age anyone worshipping those old Greek statues!"

—GRAND DUCHESS MARIE

Powers and Models

They sip your favorite coffee, drive your dream car, display the latest fashions, show you how to cook a waffle—for they are potent forces in the scheme of American advertising. Their faces and figures adorn the covers of countless magazines. They model at the fashion shows. Often they develop into stars of the cinema.

They come from all over America to an office on Park Avenue, New York, where a quiet, discerning man named John Robert

Powers appraises their charms, selects, sorts, and schools them for the job of selling sables to society or groceries to the great American housewife.

"Long-stemmed American beauties" is what Mr. Powers calls his models. On the following pages, is a bouquet of choice blooms.





H. FORTER-ENHANCED

Lucilla Murd Her specialty is high-fashion modeling. Known for a long time as the "Russeks Girl," she comes from Albany and her husband is Tommy Goodwin, the golfer. She frequently exhibits the wares at fashion shows in addition to posing for the photographers.



R-ENSMINGER

JON ABBOTT, COURTESY LOESER'S

Jo Caldwell From the Philadelphia Main Line, Pennsylvania alumna, a Phi Beta Kappa. She graduated last year, is married to an interne. Her 5' 11" is ideal for modeling evening gowns. A classic head makes her one of the most popular of hair models.



EHRLICH-LAZIK

June Cox By consensus of professional opinion, hers is the most perfect figure in the business. She has been modeling since she was twelve years old. She came from Toronto and appeared on the stage as a child actress. Her specialty, of course, is full-length fashions.



JOE BONOMO

Claire McQuillen Having been in the business for some five or six years, she is one of the Powers veterans. She is probably the Number One bathing suit model of the world, has what may very well be the longest hair in the business. When let down, it reaches her knees.



COURTESY RAYELA

Georgia Carroll From Dallas, Texas. By all odds, the most successful model. A perfect figure makes her ace-high for fashions; flawless coloring keeps her constantly before color cameras. She is, says Mr. Powers, "the most terrific thing that ever hit this business."



Helen Bennett

Here we have the archetype of the fashion model. Her remote, high-enamel look could glamourize a kitchen apron. You see her in the fashion magazines, but she has also graced the chorus of Broadway musicals. Her husband is a drummer and her hobby is fishing.



PAUL GARRICK

Maurine Zollman From her birthplace, Logansport, Indiana, she went to college in New Orleans. She went to New York to attend Juilliard Institute, then came under the Powers banner. She still studies piano, violin, organ, also takes flying and Esperanto lessons.



PAUL D'ORIE

Cynthia Hope She came from Philadelphia three years ago. She poses for "young college" types and is one of the most popular models for silk stockings. She also poses for painters. On her own, she designs jewelry. Her mother is a well-known writer of love stories.



Sandy Rice

In the Powers books she is classified as the typical American girl. Almost every photograph ever made of her has been out-of-doors. She has been photographed in every sort of athletic pose, including underwater swimming. Strangely enough, she is adept at outdoor games.

Man considers that he understands animal psychology pretty well. Maybe he does. Still there are occasional tales which cast a thin shadow of doubt. The true stories which we present here belong to that category.

NOT OF OUR SPECIES

THERE is a thing called justice. It is supposed to be settled between men. But at least once in history an animal took a hand. The case is celebrated in the folklore of three countries. The animal was a dog. His name was Dragon.

Dragon belonged to Aubry de Montdidier, a French gentleman at the court of Charles V. In 1371, while walking with the dog in the forest of Bondy, Montdidier was attacked and killed by one Richard de Macaire. Dragon saw the whole thing.

For weeks afterwards the dog spent his time following De Macaire, growling and snarling at him. De Macaire could not shake off his accuser. The relentless dog caught the attention of the king, who ordered De Macaire to fight an actual duel with Dragon.

Although the man was armed with a club, Dragon pulled him down with one leap. Dying, De Macaire confessed his crime. There is a thing called justice. It is not the private property of one species.



RATS ARE not supposed to be altruistic. In fact, their lives are presumed to be governed exclusively by the law of survival of the fittest. Yet there is a story, a well-authenticated story by a Sussex, England, clergyman. . . .

The clergyman was walking in a meadow at twilight when he saw a large number of rats crossing a path. By standing perfectly still, he was able

to watch the whole procession pass quite close to him.

Near the head of the procession was a rat which was obviously blind. The sightless rat "held one end of a bit of stick in its mouth while another rat held the other end. The blind rat was thus guided by the stick. I watched them for some time."

Rats guide their blind brethren with sticks, while men blind their brethren with bombs. It takes all species to make a world.

IN THE days when Madrid was becoming a rubble heap, air raid warnings were sounded, *according to the dogs*.

Soon after the beginning of the siege it was discovered that, a full half-hour before the farthest outposts had any warning of an approaching raid, practically every dog in the city howled, trembled, and hid. As the dogs were never wrong, the air raid warnings were regularly sounded according to their actions. This gave the people an extra half-hour's leeway.

Total war is not confined to one species.

HOMING pigeons are supposed to have single-track minds through which thoughts flow in one direction only—

toward home. But there was at least one who was an iconoclast.

This pigeon was owned by twelve-year-old Hugh Brady Perkins of Summerville, West Virginia. Found when exhausted, the bird—which bore a racing band—was cared for by the boy. Several months later, Hugh was taken to a hospital in the city of Phillipi, a distance of 105 miles from his home. The pigeon was left behind.

One morning in the still hours just after midnight, Hugh was awakened by a persistent tapping on the window of his hospital room. The tapping continued until dawn revealed a pigeon perched on the window sill, pecking diligently on the pane.

Hugh called the nurse, and declared that his pigeon had flown 105 miles to pay him a visit. The nurse suspected delirium, but consented to open the window. The pigeon immediately flew in.

"Look at his leg band," Hugh demanded. "The number should be 167."

The nurse looked. *The leg band number was 167.*

Hugh's father, Sheriff F. C. Perkins, the nurse, Hugh himself, and several other witnesses attested the accuracy of the facts. The case is as solid as any human record ever can be.

Worshippers at the shrine of the Great God Instinct please note.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**THE BORSODI THEORY IS A SHOCKER:
THE LITTLE FELLOW CAN PRODUCE
AS EFFICIENTLY AS THE BIG FELLOW**



EVERY MAN A CAPITALIST

by ROBERT W. MARKS

You can make an income of \$4,000 a year bring you a \$15,000 a year living standard and a new lease on the pleasures of living if you will take the simple trouble of learning what every intelligent man ought to learn anyway: What makes the wheels go round.

You wouldn't hire a proxy to discuss your politics for you with Miss Madeleine Carroll, and look forward to the day when you will make enough money to hire the very best proxy in the market. Well, by the same token, it is uneconomic to let anybody else do your living for you.

And all of this leads succinctly to the pleasures of the creative life, and an important man named Borsodi.

Ralph Borsodi, a consulting economist formerly associated with

DuPont de Nemours and R. H. Macy, came to the sudden conclusion, one summer day, that, contrary to all the theories of mass production, a man could make his dollar buy from three to five times more of everything, including pleasure, if he would only apply himself—personally—to matters of production. He could have fine fabrics, fine furniture, fine housing, more leisure—and, above all, richer living.

ON THIS particular day, Mrs. Borsodi canned some tomatoes. She was an advertising woman, unaccustomed to such bucolic things, and announced her achievement with an understandable and georgic pride.

Borsodi hit the ceiling. "What business do you have," he said, "competing with the canners? As

a business woman you ought to know that the big companies can put up tomatoes more cheaply than you can — you're wasting your time."

Mrs. Borsodi sat down and proved that her canned tomatoes came to only a fraction of the cost of the factory-canned product.

Borsodi grabbed pencil and paper. He checked his wife's figures to the fraction of a mill; he added in the cost of water, depreciation on pots and pans, overhead on the kitchen, and the market value of Mrs. Borsodi's time. But in spite of all additions, the actual cost of the home-canned tomatoes was still 20 to 30 per cent less than the minimum price for the store product.

Here was a fact contrary to all the orthodox laws of classic economics; and Borsodi was stumped. Here was home production competing with mass production and beating it by a wide margin. It couldn't be true. "But," said Borsodi, "if this is true for tomatoes, then it must be true for a great many other things as well."

As an expert on cost accounting, Borsodi soon gathered his figures. But the more facts he classified, the more mystifying his results were. Over and over again, his figures proved that home manu-

facture was far cheaper than modern factory production. But mass production is supposed to mean greater efficiency, thus greater economy.

How could this fit in with Mrs. Borsodi's canning—and the carefully-checked figures? "Gradually," said Borsodi, "the explanation dawned on me. Mrs. Borsodi actually couldn't compete with factory production cost—but the point is: that isn't the cost of the canned goods to the consumer. Distribution accounts for the difference."

Borsodi suddenly realized he had a new axiom to add to economics: *The larger you make your factory, the more you increase your costs of distribution.* And this is to say that big factories are economically unsound; that the same kind of machinery installed in the home could turn out most necessary items at a much lower figure.

"I realized," said Borsodi, "that with the aid of electricity the little fellow could work just as efficiently as the big fellow—and with no distribution cost."

The more Borsodi turned this fact over in his mind, the more revolutionary the implications seemed. Boiled down, it could mean nothing but this: You can make more money by staying at

home and producing what you need, than by going out and working for means to buy them.

IN 1920, the year of the great housing shortage, the house in which the Borsodis were living in New York was sold over their heads. The problem was to find another place, in an atmosphere charged with inflated rents and land values.

They compromised by moving to the country—satisfying an old longing. A place was located about an hour and a quarter from the city. It consisted of seven acres of ground, a barn and an old frame house. The Borsodis had no idea of how to manage a farm. They went to the country with nothing but their city furniture, energy and an idea.

By the end of 1921, the year of the depression, when millions of jobless people were tramping the streets, the Borsodis were busy cutting their hay, gathering fruit, and pressing cider; they had a cow, and supplied themselves liberally with milk, butter and cheese; they had a poultry yard, and loaded their table with eggs, chickens and fat, roasted capons.

In time, they added to their set-up, ducks, guinea hens and turkeys; bees for honey; pigeons for

pleasure; dogs for companionship. With stones picked up on their grounds, they built three extra houses and another barn. They built themselves efficient workshops, where they could design and produce their own furniture and household accessories. They built themselves a swimming pool, a tennis court and a billiard room.

Their standard of living, instead of falling, went up, for after all, comfort and material well-being depend not on subtle and mysterious forces, but on elementary things like raw materials, proper tools and labor. The raw materials exist in nature, proper tools can be had, and the labor is in yourself—if you want to make use of it.

IN CONTRAST to most back-to-the-land experimenters, the Borsodis quickly gave up any notion of raising things to sell. Although, during the first year they raised some poultry for market, they soon made production-for-use a cardinal principle. Wherever possible, machinery was introduced. The Borsodis worked on the theory that efficient machinery would pay for itself in the home precisely as it pays for itself in the factory.

One of Borsodi's first developments was an efficient home loom,

on which even an inexperienced weaver could loom a yard of 44-inch cloth an hour. In some of the earlier experiments with this type of loom, Borsodi's young son turned out a blanket in six hours.

IN 1928, Borsodi wrote *This Ugly Civilization* in which he pointed out that the whole factory system was economically unsound; and that it tended to exhaust not only our national resources but the liberty of the individual to enjoy them; that the factory civilization actually destroyed the things the early settlers came to America to find: the ability of the individual to be his own boss and to have a hand in his own government. He pointed out, further, that with the coming of electricity, and electrical machinery, it has become possible to realize these early American aims. Without any return to primitive living, the little fellow can produce as efficiently as the big fellow—and without the distribution costs.

At his home in Suffern, Borsodi first set about translating his ideas into group action by organizing a self-sufficient homestead unit. One conclusion stuck in his mind: A sound and workable project must center around an educational institution. To illustrate what he

had in mind, the kind of school that would delve into and solve the practical problems of people, Borsodi established, in Suffern, what he called "The School for Living." "This," said Borsodi, "is a baby university of the type I would like to see developed as an extension of every university."

The School for Living is unique. It has no classes, no student body, and all the world for its campus. Its curriculum includes all subjects relating directly or indirectly to the problems of homesteading. The faculty are always available for consultation, or seminar discussions. If you have specific problems, or desire specialized instruction, you make your arrangements, schedule your consultations, eat and sleep at the School if you wish. When you have learned what you want, you pull out; and when you want to learn something else, you come back. There are no obligations; you pay simply for the time you require. You can make use of as much or as little of the School's facilities as you want, and say thank you to no one.

In time, the research work of the School for Living and Borsodi's writing crystallized into concrete homesteading projects. One day in 1935, a group of students and

their friends got together and organized what they called "the Independence Foundation." They borrowed enough money, at 6 per cent, to buy forty acres of farmland, near Suffern. This was divided into one and two acre plots, and utilized co-operatively. Since farm land, in quantity, means buying land "wholesale," the cost of individual plots in such a non-profit development came to very little. And these individual blocks of land, instead of being sold outright, were apportioned on a "land tenure" basis. Instead of paying for the land outright, you became a member of the association which owned the land, and simply paid your share of the carrying and amortization costs. This came to around five to seven dollars a month.

White collar people from New York, people whose family incomes averaged from \$2,000 to \$3,000, people who could scarcely pay more than \$45 a month rent for a city apartment, suddenly found that they could afford a virtual estate in the country. Fourteen families quickly subscribed to the Suffern Project—called Bayard Lane—moved out, lived in tents while their houses were being built. Most of the houses were in cumulative units—starting with

one room, kitchen and bath, and designed to grow with the needs of the family, and with the expansion of the family's resources. The total cost of a typical basic unit house at Bayard Lane (averaged from the actual records of six houses) was \$2,698.

Van Houton Fields, a second homestead project, was begun at West Nyack, in 1938, when all available space at Bayard Lane was taken. This is a tract of 105 acres, planned for thirty-eight families. Two other projects, Ringwood Homesteads, 107 acres at Ringwood Manor, New Jersey, and Stillwater Homesteads, 183 acres at Millwood, New York, have since been launched.

An application for membership requires a down payment of \$25. If your application is accepted, you can take immediate possession of your land—and start building at once. Your only further cost will be \$4.65 to \$7.68 per month for each acre you occupy—a charge which continues until the loan for the project has been repaid; at which time the association can be dissolved or not, at the discretion of the membership.

WHAT THE future holds for the Borsodi plan remains to be seen. Borsodi himself maintains that it

is impossible to solve the economic problem of the country—because the country is too large. "But it is quite possible," he says, "to break down the problem for a family, or a neighborhood, or a locality . . . or even a region. And if you solve enough of these, you solve the whole problem."

How are we going to do it?

"I put the method last," Borsodi says. Most people, he claims, attack an economic problem by saying "Let's organize a political party and let's change the law." But Borsodi holds that the most important thing to do in solving a problem is to tackle it; not pigeon-hole it. You don't get rid of a burst appendix by making it legal only on Sundays.

The only constructive way to tackle it, he feels, is with research and education, and this through channels organized for this task—our universities and colleges. When an economic problem crept up, people used to ask, "What does

Wall Street say?" The tendency, today, is to ask: "What does the Administration say?" But Borsodi clings to the old tradition of Thomas Jefferson and Plato: "We have experimented with everything else," he says. "I would like to see now what would happen if people began to ask: 'What does the University say?'"

Still well within draft age, Robert W. Marks has been a news reporter and Director of Music at Charleston Museum. Two books on musical history, several on wines and one on photography have clicked from his typewriter. Marks acquired learning at the College of Charleston, Yale and Columbia. He says he left the former two at the request of college authorities. An aviation enthusiast, he spends his spare time in the clouds.

Suggestions for further reading:

FLIGHT FROM THE CITY by Ralph Borsodi	\$1.00 Harper & Brothers, New York
PROSPERITY AND SECURITY by Ralph Borsodi	\$3.00 Harper & Brothers, New York
THIS UGLY CIVILIZATION by Ralph Borsodi	\$1.50 Harper & Brothers, New York
AGRICULTURE IN MODERN LIFE by Ralph Borsodi, O. E. Baker and M. L. Wilson	\$3.50 Harper & Brothers, New York

VACCINE FOR GENERALS

WHEN complaints were made to George III that General Wolfe, the future hero of the Plains of Abraham, was

mad, the King replied: "I wish he would bite some of my other generals!"

—CHARLES DERRICOTT

With re-employment proceeding at a brisk pace, there are no longer so many on the outside looking in. Some of those who have recently joined the great army of the re-employed, however, didn't merely wait for the trend to catch up with them. They anticipated it by utilizing clever devices, such as those described, to get their own jobs on their own initiative.

THEY GOT THE JOB

TELEPHONITIS—a lot of good folk are afflicted with it. Symptoms are: feverish impatience at being asked to hold the line; extreme irritation at being switched from one person to another; and incipient apoplexy at being misunderstood. Knowing the importance of the telephone in business, unemployed Ethel Prangborn of Chicago phoned the fifteen business houses she most wanted to work for. She pretended to be a customer seeking information and prices, and kept a stop-watch record of the way her calls were handled. In order to get a fair average she rang each firm a half-dozen times. The concern slowest in connecting her with the proper person she marked "one" on her list. The next most inefficient she marked "two," and so on. Then, with her re-

ports, she went to visit sales managers. It wasn't hard to convince them that their phone service actually discouraged customers. She got a job as secretary to a sales executive, and her first assignment was streamlining the telephone system.



THE OWNER of the store wasn't in a hiring mood. Business was poor. At this season especially the store should have been full of customers. The young man facing him was not discouraged; in fact, quite the contrary. "That's one reason you might be interested in this," he said, laying a sheet of paper on the man's desk. "I've been watching passers-by. Only

three out of a hundred stop to look at your windows. Seven out of a hundred are attracted by the displays of the store across the street. Let me trim your windows for a week. Check on the results. If you don't agree I'm worth hiring, that's my hard luck." The statistical young man got the job. But it was his approach—which considered his employer's viewpoint—that gave him his chance.



"WHY NOT steal a link from the chain letter idea?" reflected John Chamberlin. Writing to twenty-five of his friends, he asked that each mail to five businessmen acquaintances one of the typewritten letters enclosed. At the top of each was space to be filled in with a hand-written note. Stamped, blank envelopes were attached. Some of his friends sent out only one or two. Several never got around to posting any. But enough reached ultimate destinations to make it easy for Chamberlin to enter—with flying colors—the sanctums whence come the staff positions.



THE BIG Los Angeles department store was hiring for its busy season. There were fifty women ahead of Winifred Logan, and almost double that many in the long line behind

her. She would have only a few seconds with that keen-eyed interviewer. If she made a good impression she would be asked to wait for a second interview. If she didn't, she would pass on and her chance would be lost. But Winifred wasn't worried. When her turn came she handed the brisk personnel director a copy of one of the store's sales slips. "Here's the record," she smiled. And there it was neatly typed on the reverse side of the slip—five years' experience; what she had sold, her average sales per week, her best day's sales. Miss Logan was hired. The store executive said, "We're always looking for sales-women who can think."



HE HAD scratched out, condensed, written and rewritten. Still the letter was impossibly long. "Might as well make a regular campaign of it—just as though I were selling some product," John Redfern decided. He threw down his blue pencil and wrote three letters. The first, "to whet their interest," mentioned the missives to follow. John Redfern's series anent John Redfern evoked favorable comment. More important, it brought him a job.

Readers are invited to contribute to They Got the Job. A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**OUR BEST-INFORMED STUDENT OF EUROPE:
HIS WARNINGS HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY
IGNORED BUT HAVE NEVER PROVEN INCORRECT**



THE MAN BULLITT

by CLEMENT WOOD

WHAT kind of man is this Bill Bullitt, anyhow—this “champagne ambassador,” this possible hand-picked successor to Roosevelt?

Is he a liberal or a moth-munched reactionary? A plutocrat or a fighter for the people? Will he ride facts to victory or will they prove too much for him?

In 1926, in his autobiographical novel *It's Not Done*, he put into the lips of the youthful character standing for himself, these purposeful words:

I'm going to be a lawyer and Governor and Secretary of State and President. I'm going to show people how they ought to live to have a great civilization.

He was thirty-five, when he wrote that passage. Is he the sort of man who has the right to think and to speak in those terms?

William C. Bullitt's family dates back to a 1637 Huguenot émigré, Joseph Boulet, who settled on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and whose descendants intermarried with the Washingtons, Dandridges, Harrisons and Henrys of old Virginia. His grandfather was one of the ten richest men in the United States, with a fortune in real estate, West Virginia coal mines, and Norfolk and Western Railroad shares.

His maternal heritage is also interesting. His mother was Louisa Gross Horwitz. The Grosses were Palatinate Lutherans, who had arrived in America in the early 1600's; the Horwitzes were descendants of a Baltimore Jewish physician who was a friend of Jefferson. Bullitt is emphatically a son of American pioneers, for all that his family was considered

nouveau riche by the Quakertown Social Registerites.

In late 1911, when he was a senior at Yale, Bullitt suffered a "nervous breakdown." It was in reality worse than that. He had inexplicable abdominal pains; his hearing and sight began to fail. His doctor gave him six months to live, and said he would die blind. He was told only spinach and milk could restore his body; in rebellion, he feasted on lobster and champagne, felt immensely better, and still enjoys them. He graduated with honors only one year late. Then came a brief and nauseous taste of Harvard Law; he resigned after six months because he found the law "unethical."

When his father died, in March, 1914, Bill Bullitt took his mother to Russia, to get her mind off her loss. He was already at home in all the important European languages, and knew middle Europe as a suburbanite knows his front lawn. His mother and he were almost the last visitors to leave Russia, through Poland, to Berlin, and then to London—everywhere through mobs shrieking exultant appeals to God to destroy the enemy. He had been a desultory pacifist before; this bath in continent-wide mob

hysteria made him a sternly logical one.

He absorbed the War as best he could and hurried back to Philadelphia, to offer his services to the *Public Ledger* as an expert on European affairs. He learned typewriting overnight, to qualify. He was hired at ten dollars a week (to supplement his weekly income of \$865.38), and was assigned to the dingy waterfront. Frantic at this frustration, he dropped by the office one day and typed a summary of conditions in Europe for the editorial page. The editor was thrilled at the masterful understanding in it, and urged Bullitt to write more. In six months he had been named associate editor in charge of European affairs.

IN 1916, Bullitt married Ernesta Drinker, from Philadelphia's same Rittenhouse Square that had spawned him. They honeymooned in Germany, of all places, guests of the High Command and the leading diplomats, eager to convert one more young American millionaire to the superstition of Germany's invincibility. When he was leaving Germany, the border guards confiscated his eleven bottles of hair tonic—he was beginning to grow premature-

ly bald. Then they stripped him, and sponged his body with lemon juice for code messages. His mind stored with all he had seen, Bullitt returned to Philadelphia and told everything to America. He warned that America was aimed straight for war with Germany—and this was in 1916. He demanded that a thousand airplanes and a thousand destroyers be built at once. But Cassandra was cut off the air.

The State Department, however, named Bullitt director of its Bureau of Central European Information. He was a fully moulted diplomat—and he was only twenty-six!

He functioned so well, that he supplied most of the facts for Wilson's speeches about Germany, often delivered in Bullitt's own wording. In Wilson he believed he had found a human god who believed that war could be outlawed forever, and who promised to do it. Since he was Wilson's chief tongue on Europe, he was named to the President's Peace Conference party.

In May, Bullitt resigned from the Commission. The Versailles Treaty, he prophesied, would only breed new wars. The League of Nations was impotent to prevent them. Wilson had lost his battle

by surrendering to secret diplomacy. Bullitt gave copies of the document to the press, announcing "I'm going to lie on the sands of the Riviera and watch the world go to hell."

IN 1931, Bullitt was slowly pulled out of his obscurity by his admiration for a young American politician. This man had been dreadfully checkreined when he was defeated, as Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1920. Dejection opens the door to physical ills; infantile paralysis followed. When he had almost recovered, the 1928 Democratic candidate for President, Al Smith, phoned to him in Warm Springs, Georgia, urging him to run for Governor of New York, to save the state for Smith.

The convalescent pleaded that it would keep him an invalid for life; that he could *not* accept.

"Would you refuse the party's draft?" The answer was "No." Smith jubilantly hung up the phone, and cried, "Boys, he'll accept!" So Franklin Roosevelt became Governor; as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he had had an office just around the hall, in 1917, from Bullitt's. The two, similar in ideals and aims, had become friends. It was this friend-

ship that brought Bullitt out of obscurity.

Bullitt helped steer the pre-nomination campaign. He campaigned ably to bring on the landslide of 1932. He was at once named Assistant Secretary of State; went as delegate to the London Economic Conference in 1933; achieved the recognition of Soviet Russia that year; and was named first Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. He was hailed as a hero by the Russian people. His star rose, until the moment when he denounced Russia for violating the Roosevelt-Litvinoff Agreement against active Russian Communist propaganda in the United States. It was a relief to him to be promoted to the Paris Embassy.

He became the most popular American ambassador in Paris since Benjamin Franklin, contributing \$62,000 a year to ambassadorial expenses, to supple-

ment the mere \$17,500 salary—and his private income is not much over \$45,000 a year. But he was more than a mere ambassador; he was Roosevelt's personal representative in Europe, commissioned to reorganize the whole diplomatic service; and, with his family connections, more in European confidence than any other American diplomat had ever been.

Today, he has perhaps best summarized his conclusion in this statement:

It is as clear as anything on this earth that the United States will not go to war; but it is equally clear that war is coming toward the Americas.

The time may come when we'll listen to Bill Bullitt, who speaks with an eloquent clarity no man on earth excels, backed by a knowledge of European affairs no other American possesses.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 60-64

- 1—B, 2—C, 3—B, 4—A, 5—
C, 6—C, 7—B, 8—C, 9—C.
10—A, 11—B, 12—B, 13—A,
14—B, 15—A, 16—B, 17—A,
18—B, 19—A.
20—A, 21—B, 22—C, 23—
A, 24—C, 25—A, 26—B, 27—
C, 28—C, 29—B.
30—C, 31—A, 32—B, 33—
B, 34—C, 35—C, 36—A, 37—
A, 38—C, 39—B.
40—C, 41—C, 42—B, 43—
C, 44—A, 45—C, 46—A, 47—
A, 48—B, 49—C, 50—C.

*A REPORT, FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL
OBSERVER, ON WHO IS DOING WHAT IN
THE REALM OF THE VERY LIVELY ARTS*

CARLETON SMITH'S CORNER

CORONETS:

To John Ford's *The Long Voyage Home*, a tender, understanding treatment of men who go down to sea.

To Heifetz, Toscanini, and NBC Symphony, united in Beethoven's only violin concerto (Victor 705): suggestion for Santy Claus.

To *Escape*, a screen thriller that pulls no punches.

To *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway's noble, unforgettable "return to arms."

To Quentin Reynolds for *London Can Take It*, a short-shock.

To James Roosevelt's Soundie, *Jungle Drums*, which pops eyes right and left.

To the badly bombed Saville Row tailor who announced next morning OPEN AS USUAL, and his neighbor, com-

pletely demolished, whose sign read:
MORE OPEN THAN USUAL.

THORNS:

To Libby-Owens-Ford for weight-ing Izler Solomon's broadcast with endless sales plugs.

To Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Sym-phony, Rochester's Philharmonic, and Jose Iturbi, who together make the year's dullest recording.

To the Governor General of Ber-muda for not providing entertainment, bicycles, trips for recuperating sur-vivors of the Cameron Highlanders and the Black Watch; they made pos-sible the evacuation at Dunkirk.

To *Second Chorus*: an inarticulate plot with too little Astaire.

To Louella O. Parsons' stage show: demonstrating what killed vaudeville.

Ho! HUMS:

Dorothy Lamour's new sun suit in *Moon Over Burma*.

The National Committee for Music Appreciation's *Faust*, full of rough, pitchless singing.

Kaufman and Hart's *George Washington Slept Here*: flat, drowsy, half-hearted striving for laughs.

John and Elaine Barrymore's latest separation.

So THEY SAY:

Molotoff: "There will be two world wars: the present one between active and decadent capitalisms, and a final struggle between the winner and the world proletariat."

Jane Ace: "Familiarity breeds at-tempt."

John Kieran: "Whenever a new book comes out, I read two old ones."

Dr. Howard Shapley (Director, Harvard Observatory): "Human beings are simply prize exhibits in the Greatest Animal Show on Earth."

Thomas Jefferson: "We cannot expect to be transported from despotism to liberty in a feather bed."

INDIVIDUALISMS:

W. C. Fields and John Held, Jr., keep their libraries in their bath-rooms.

Robert Montgomery builds model cardboard houses.

Kenny Baker dislikes New York because he has to put on a tie every time he goes out.

Eddie Cantor says he's the only liv-

ing actor who can successfully put tooth paste back in a tube.

STRICTLY INCIDENTAL:

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye is a million dollar slogan, only Sammy doesn't swing.

According to New York nightclub owners, the President of the United States and Greta Garbo create the biggest stir in their establishments.

Most of the melodies you hear in *The Great Dictator* were hummed to its musical director by Chaplin himself.

"Putzi" Hansstaengl, for many years Hitler's favorite pianist and court jester, is now interned in Canada as an enemy alien.

Discarded auto license plates are being made into book-ends.

Arrival of the ballyhooed first baby of '41 will probably have been delayed by a publicity-conscious doctor.

South American women prefer soap operas to all other radio entertain-ment.

Newest Hollywood fad: putting sealing-wax in flowers to keep them open at night.

Benny Goodman has stolen (for \$200 a week) "Cootie" Williams, Duke Ellington's trumpeter since 1929, thereby making him jazz's highest paid negro "side man."

Helen Hayes dresses Shakespeare's Viola in pants.

Mischa Elman (after an Elman recital): "We've talked enough about me now. Let's talk about you. What did you think of my playing?"

CORONET'S
GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS
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WILLY RYBARIK

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RALPH ANDERSON

DENISE BELLON

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ISTVAN VEGESNYI

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FULL BLAST

BY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.

CORONET

108



SIG WART BLUM, BUENOS AIRES

SIC TRANSIT

JANUARY, 1941



FARM HANDS

LANGE, FROM F. S. A.

CORONET



A.
LERoy CARLSON, CHICAGO

RETRouSSÉE

JANUARY, 1941



HALF WAY HOUSE

WILLY RYBARIK

CORONET



G. VON ASPERN, CHICAGO

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CHINA DOLL

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CAROLA GREGOR, FROM MONKMEYER

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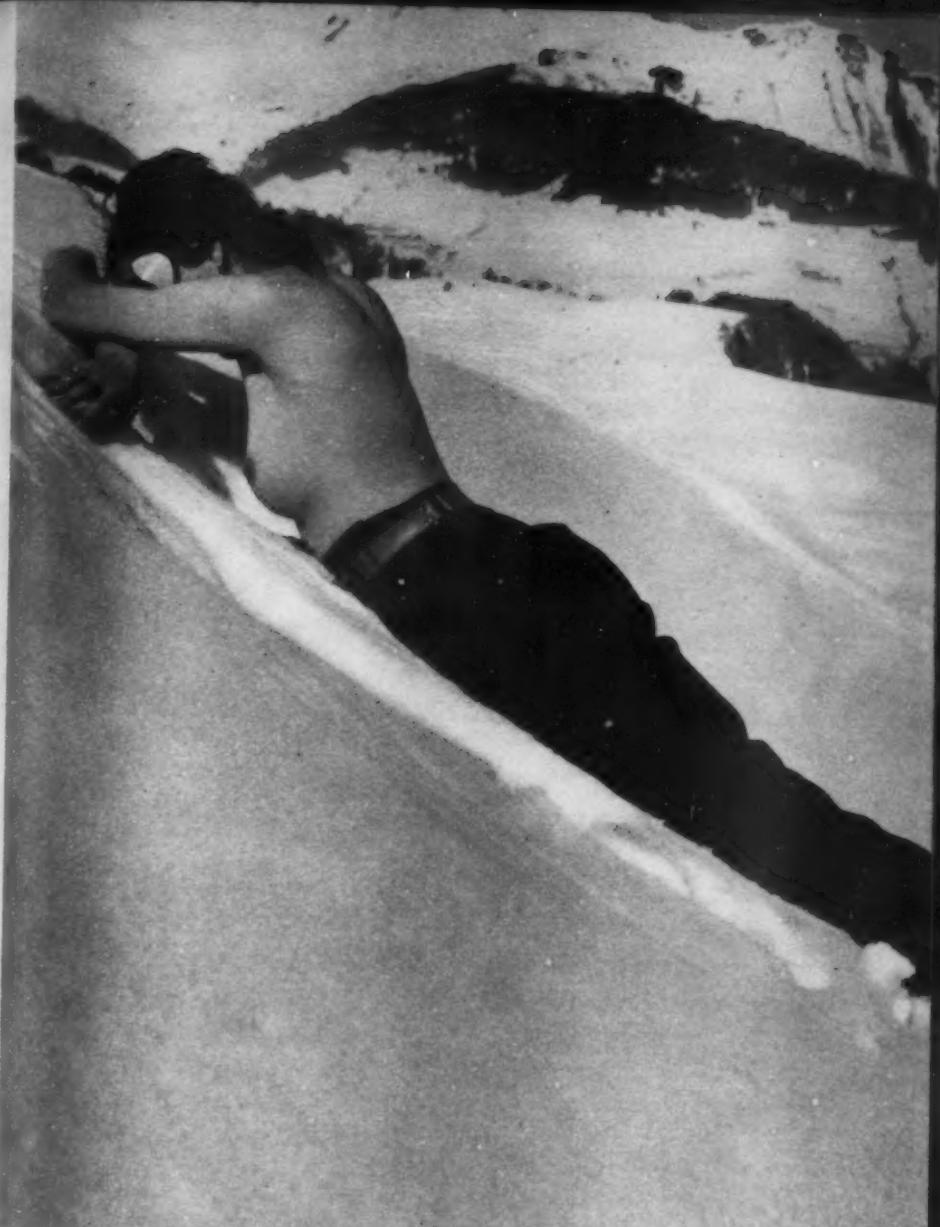
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WINTER'S TRACES

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DENISE BELLON, FROM C. ANDERS

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BLACK AND GOLD



BLACK AND GOLD



BARNYARD OASIS



BARNYARD OASIS

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IRENE DRAPER, SCARSDALE, N. Y.

FIGURE SKATING

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DARING YOUNG MAN

JULIEN H. TURK, BALTIMORE

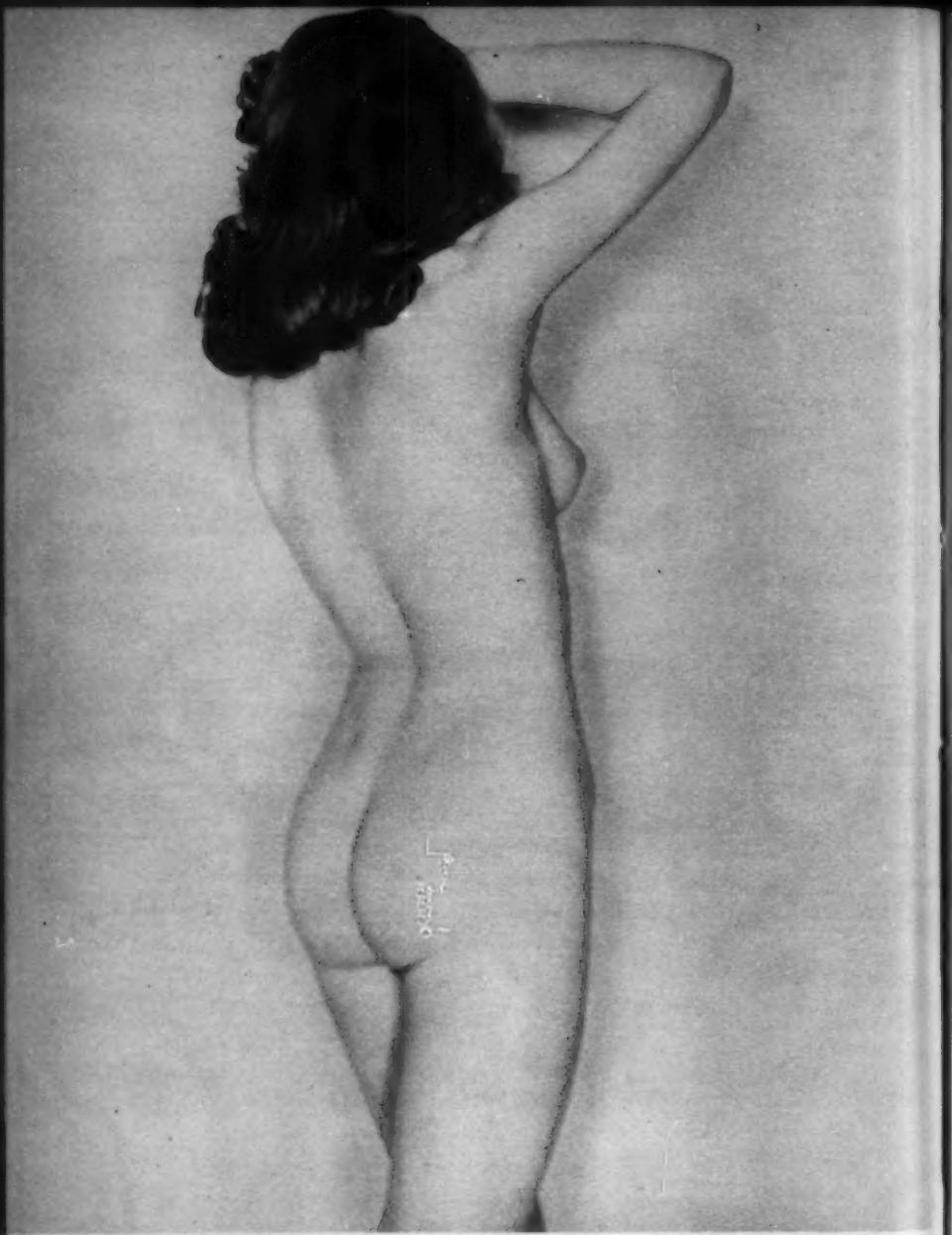
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JANUARY, 1941



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ZUCCA, PARIS

CAMBODIAN SHARPSHOOTER

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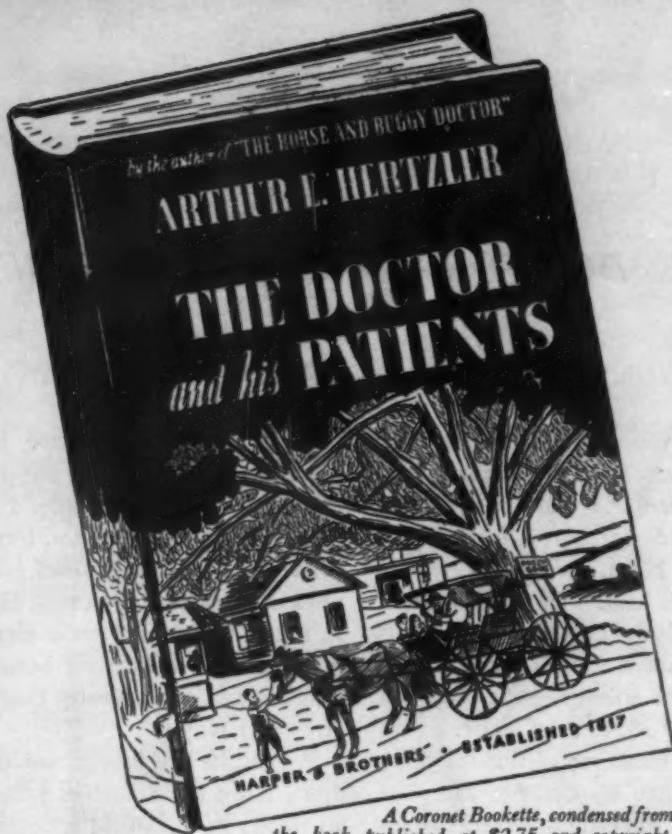


FAN

GEORGE LEAVENS, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

CORONET

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A Coronet Bookette, condensed from
the book published at \$2.75 and copyright,
1940, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE hundreds of thousands of readers who made *The Horse and Buggy Doctor* a best-seller, esteemed it for its uncompromising honesty and broad wisdom. These same qualities make Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler's new book, *The Doctor and His Patients*, a rare work, for actually they are rare qualities. In this volume the famed Kansas physician discusses love, womankind and the basic values of our daily life in terms that are all the more sympathetic for being direct and plain-spoken. Dr. Hertzler has been Professor of Surgery at the University of Kansas Medical School since 1909. He is founder and president of Agnes Hertzler Memorial Hospital, and is the author of many textbooks in the field of medicine and surgery.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS

PRELUDE TO PARADISE (THE CHILD'S PLACE IN CHRISTIANITY)

As a young doctor I was often puzzled when the minister at the funeral of a child intoned that the child was better off with its maker. No parents ever fell in with this idea. "Doctor, save our baby!" is the parents' cry. Parents do not want their children to go where the minister says they will be better off. Let the reader figure out the meaning of this for himself. I gave up decades ago, but there is something wrong somewhere.

Often as a young doctor I felt a desire to kick parents in the face for wailing to a doctor, and to an unhearing God, to rescue a dying child which had been neglected. I have heard ministers berate mothers for this act as a wilful flying in the face of God. That was religion pursuing a woman even to the grave of her child, where of all places the Christ idea should stand supreme.

I am glad that I have been privileged to live the life of a doctor close to his people. I can look at facts as I see them. I know grief in all its forms. Grief points always upward to the cross. Here, in my clinic, I can get a clearer notion of the difference between religion and Christianity than in any other way.

We adults are just grown children. If we ask ourselves what of all things in the world touches us most deeply the answer must be: a child. This sentiment is co-extensive with life itself. It must seem that the child and what it represents, parenthood, is the fundamental problem of life.

To see patients going about the clinic — mother and son — father and daughter — the expressions on their faces indicating a joyous perambulation among the clouds, is an unending fascination to me. The relationship is subconscious.

To tell a father that he has greater affection for his daughter means a stubborn denial. He would be right, as far as conscious thought is concerned. We need to develop a vocabulary that will straighten out these relationships satisfactorily; place them in a proper light. A fine civilization we have when the same word must cover the gentle affection of a child for his parents, and the "rights" the marriage ceremony implies. The same word includes everything from the mother's look at a nursing child to the wailing of a tomcat on an alley fence. The word is love.

Words without understanding go for naught. We think of the love of a child as spiritual love. The position of a child in a family we accept as the gauge of civilization. If we are ever to have world peace we must find a common denominator which appeals to all classes and all peoples of the world. A child is that denominator. Let them have the unqualified term "love" as a synonym for something . . . usually the aberrant psychology that leads to the marriage altar. After that, sex has charge and it would serve clarity to call that sex love.

PARADISE ILLUSTRATED (THE CHILD IN THE HOME)

I REGARD as the chief reward for a long experience in the practice of medicine the opportunity it has given me to see so many children developing in countless environments. I find an unending fascination in watching the children who visit the clinic, not as patients but merely as visitors with their parents. After one has reached a certain age he is no longer afraid to act silly in the presence of a child. Any youngster, three, four or eight, will accept a candidate for a spare grandpa.

Today's child is different, some-

how. Children for the past fifty years have impressed me with two parallel changes. As ecclesiastical authority has lessened, the status of the child has improved. It's the woman's rise to a position of influence in the world which is the primary cause. A child today has emerged from simple servitude to recognition as a parent of the future.

And I may say, with due modesty, that doctors played a large part in helping mothers bring about these changes. In yester-year, a mother could figure that she would not be able to raise all

the children she bore. If she decided to raise six, she would need to bear ten. How many of them she could rear gave nobody any concern. Husbands had "rights." I have recently figured out that the reason the tomcat was given so few brains is because greater intelligence would curb his potency. A tomcat is a prototype of some of these husbands. One must say for the cat that he is frank and asks for no crown of glory. I regard this as a brilliant observation.

In days gone by, the child had itself born at the house and hence was rather a cheap acquisition. Neighbor women, invited or not, donated their services. Paying the doctor was entirely optional. I figured out that my attendance at "blessed events" brought me something less than a dollar an hour, gross. Sometimes I occupied my time while waiting, by counting the number of youngsters scattered around in the various rooms, if there were more than one room. I learned that the chances for a fee were inversely proportional to the number of previous arrivals.

The economic factor is by no means a thing of the past. That is shown by the fact that the birth-rate of those on relief is going up. Kids included in the More Abun-

dant Life are less carefully counted if the taxpayer foots the bill. Papa does not lose an hour's sleep over them.

If the child has any pride of ancestry, it will be born in a hospital. There is a disturbing fact about hospitals. With every facility for meeting emergencies, there seem to be endless emergencies to meet. Specialists in obstetrics sometimes overlook the fact that the capacity for watchful waiting used to be regarded as the baby doctor's chief virtue. The fact that childbirth, like digestion, is a physiological process is frequently disregarded.

Of course, the baby might have responsibilities which he may not appreciate. His chief dereliction is the carelessness with which he selects his parents. Any stock-breeder knows that blood counts, and that no two-quart cow ever produced a four-gallon daughter. Look over the case-book of any doctor and this fact will stand out. Poor baby, the magnitude of his lack of foresight may not appear for twenty years.

I wonder what a baby is thinking about as it lies in its bassinet, an identification disc attached to its toes, like a cadaver in the morgue. It is accustomed to a tiptoeing nurse with a face encased

in a mask. Perhaps the object of that is to scare the baby to death. The wearing of masks by baby-nurses was ordered by some higher-ups who were ignorant of the bacteria of respiration. Either that, or they feared the nurse might get mad at the baby and spit in its face.

Quite aside from the achievements of pediatricians, two factors have entered to protect the baby of this day. They are the screen and the refrigerator. Fifty years ago the number of flies in the house was limited only by the available standing-room on the baby's face. Everything, especially milk, was contaminated in spite of incessant care.

Children are now part of a social machine, wherein every child passes along from stage to stage without effort, like an object on an assembly line. The products should be identical. Already, however, home environment and heredity are beginning to show. Happily, bad home environment is modified by the guiding hand of the teacher. I have observed that whenever there is a row between parent and teacher, the teacher's judgment is usually superior because she has a little training.

Few parents take the trouble to find out how much time police

spend in the effort to keep boys from committing their first crime. I think a father whose boy is in charge of the law for some minor offense should receive twice the boy's sentence. Where were the parents? They—oh, yes, bid four spades. Why should that game go on?

The doctor can sit back and watch his young friends develop normally, that is, in some cases. Occasionally in our better families, one child may be favored over another and trouble's a-brewin'. Psychoses develop, and the doctor is called upon to umpire some peculiar games or combats.

The mother often becomes uneasy with something akin to jealousy, if she feels daughter has supplanted her in father's affections. Most likely she's right; daughter did secretly and designedly purloin father's affections while mother was away some place expostulating on the state of civilization during the reign of Rameses III. Every woman should realize that when she gives her husband a daughter, she's created a skillful rival. Daughters have stolen more husbands' love than all the blonde office girls in the world.

Parental jealousy of a child is all wrong. Mother-son complexes

cause more trouble than father-daughter relationships, but not because of father's jealousy. Behind it is the fear that sonny will grow up like father. When a mother sets a son against his father, the situation is loaded with dynamite. There is less of this trouble when the struggle for existence is constant and acute. When both are pushing the cart, they must stand

with shoulders close together.

There comes a time when the child begins to show evidence of outgrowing childish ways, and of becoming polite. Whether the awakening is sudden or gradual, there is a difference between boy and girl. It is a change which must come. The endocrines begin to whisper a faint recognition of sex.

PARADISE VISIONED

MATURITY is the state of a woman who is ready, without physical injury to herself, to take on in her turn the process of reproduction of the species. The law thinks that this stage of development is reached at sixteen years. We doctors know it is not reached until the twentieth or perhaps the twenty-fourth year. Nature committed a terrible mistake when she made conception possible before the time of physical maturity.

We parents make our mistake in trying to dictate to our children what to do; what not to do; how to live. We would do more good if we went out with them, to learn what they think. Young people are not interested in salvation or death. They are interested only in living.

Birth, reproduction and death

are biological processes. They are controlled by laws as immutable as those which govern the planets. Those ignorant of these laws should expend their energies in some *harmless* way, such as praying for world peace or figuring how we can spend our way out of debt.

When an officer of the civil law performs a marriage ceremony, he makes no pretenses of being holy but guarantees that his job is legal. It seems to me that a phonograph could be rigged up so that a nickel in the slot would pronounce the words with as much feeling as Hizzoner. A stamp could be affixed for a dime; total cost fifteen cents. That would be quite a saving for folks whose total assets are a shoestring.

I think the whole scheme as fol-

lowed by society is wrong. We doctors should perform the marriage ceremony. When a couple of candidates appeared before us, we could get a complete history to see what led up to the present complaint. If the young man were enamoured only of the young lady's shape, we would try to get the angle from which the view was obtained. Thus we could forecast the probable course of the marriage.

Many women do not reproduce their kind. If we study this class we may find that their failure to do so is a matter of choice, or of circumstances beyond their control. Single women fall into several groups. The most outstanding is that which enters into celibate life at an early age for religious reasons. The next group enters it without any definite avowal; most commonly in cases where some member of the family requires care. Next is the vast army of career women, whose primary purpose in life does not fit in with

matrimony and a family. The final is that group left single by circumstances. Widows should be classed here.

Many of these women accept their fate silently, occupying their lives in endless ways. What heartaches they may conceal, no one knows. But some of them become a problem for the doctor, because they find their conflict with biological forces annoying, even difficult or wholly confusing.

They complain of fatigue and sleeplessness. A wise doctor understands, asks no questions, prescribes the proper sedative and thereby makes a friend. No doctor would make a comment in such an instance.

Nature is angry with them because they have failed to reproduce. The doctor should advise them to continue on their jobs with increased energy and industry. The best antidote against the sex urge at any age is work and yet more work. This applies particularly to celibate women.

DREAM OF PARADISE (THE HONEYMOON AND AFTER)

LOVE which leads to the altar is a complicated phenomenon. It carries mutual honor and respect. This implies that the parties bring to the altar a degree of civiliza-

tion beyond that of the great common herd. It is a mysterious combination of a spiritual something which began as a gentle whisper, and sex.

Therein lies the trouble. When I see a young couple starting on their honeymoon with no more sense than their elders, I feel like crying out to them to watch their step. I am not concerned here with cases of love at first sight which require somebody to climb out of bed at two A.M. to marry them. Tomcat stuff. The most vicious idea ever promulgated is that sex satisfied represents the pinnacle of love. The fact is, as anyone should know, love is one thing, sex another.

Satiety is a dangerous thing at any stage of the matrimonial journey. It is particularly perilous because in the beginning it may cause one to fall over the cliff into the valley of disgust from which there is no rescue. Satiety loosens the temper and shows the unvarnished elements in their ugliness.

Nobody but a nasty old doctor would think of such things. He remembers an instance where a bride left her newly-acquired husband at daybreak and went home to mother. "I did not know one had to do that and I'm not going to do it!" Explanations from the fond mother that everybody does it. That girl was crying for a protector. If she had been a heifer, and I a farmer, I would have said, "Don't put her in, boys, she

isn't ready yet." The shock is severe, and lasting. Even intelligent young women who are fully informed, hesitate to undress before a strange man. Sure, I know how little their days as a lover will provide scenery which will help them identify the stranger without pants as the same man who last night was the lover at the garden gate. Many a home has been lost in the early days because some erotic old fool has told the bride that sex is the consummation of love.

Brides now have more sense than their mothers. Even the bride has a general notion what marriage implies and is prepared to meet it. Although aversions may develop during the first night, they are usually psychic and capable of correction. An example: a woman told me that her husband was an ideal lover; had done everything one could expect from a future husband during his courtship. To be in his arms was bliss indeed. Her thoughts did not reach beyond this; she was too happy. Had he just held her in his arms the first few nights, until she could have had time to realize exactly what marriage meant, which she knew theoretically of course, all might have been well. The result was a frigidity she was never able to overcome. Where

was the remedy? There was none. She loathed her husband sexually but loved him as a man. He was blissfully ignorant of why his bride was nervous.

One thing should be particularly emphasized: if there is pain, the young bride should see her doctor and take her husband along. Most likely the trouble is caused by a spasm of fright, and a statement of that fact, reinforced perhaps by a little sedative, will relieve it. The couple should go to the doctor together. Failure to do so might cause a fissure which will widen in the ensuing years.

Farmer boys know that before turning a cow into a lot, certain preliminary physiological processes are necessary. Often I have heard brides say in spiritual agony: "If he would only hold me a while as he used to do!" She knows what she needs, but she is too embarrassed to tell her husband.

I am confident that many rows start because of that great feature of our national life, the double bed. Such articles of furniture are shown to be overwhelmingly preferred by housewives in national market polls. The fundamental fact behind this preference is that many women want only to be

held and loved. Certainly the ladies have a right to indicate when they want only to be held and loved, and when they want to go further. But holding, just as a manual exercise, becomes uninteresting to the husband. Double beds lead to morning indulgences, which often mean excesses. The only thought in the minds of the couple upon arising in the morning should be bacon and eggs.

If we could get the word "obey" out of the marriage contracts and instead insert the provision that the bride shall always be master of her own person, the changed point of view would, I am sure, work much good. But to achieve it, the whole scheme of things must be altered.

With the adjustment period comes another problem. It is vulgar for a young couple to produce a baby in regulation time. And it might be premature — as many first babies are—much to the delight of the neighborhood dowagers who scent a delicious scandal. How to have babies presents difficulties. How not to have them brings even greater problems.

Societies exist for the promulgation of such knowledge. Many couples know more about it than the doctor. Here the doctor is silent; not through fear, but be-

cause the law decrees that the doctor can't know anything. Don't blame him; the laws are what people make them. The early months of the marriage, in which prevention of conception is practiced, are more hazardous than later years because complete adjustment has not yet been reached.

Complicated indeed is the life of a young couple as they go forth

to make a home. It seems plain that their chief trouble lies in the fact that love and sex are confused. Mutual respect is indispensable, and to this must be added love. Sex, a necessary end, is not a part of love. Excessive indulgence does more than anything else to drive love away. But the advent of a child may excite love when only sex existed before.

THE STRUGGLE FOR PARADISE (THE HAPPY AMERICAN HOME)

It would be pleasant for us doctors if we could assume that connubial bliss would respect the *status quo*. We get one factor fixed—and behold! Something else turns up. The question of children is one of the most usual causes of domestic unhappiness.

Many a doctor has made a friendship that lasted until his dying day by showing sympathetic understanding and avoiding a blunt diagnosis. He tells the lady that he finds her afflicted with a slight touch of pregnancy; only slight. She may be mad at the doctor. If she is merely surprised, that is no concern of his. If really angry, she will direct her remarks in a direction which will not hurt him. But if she is frightened, the doctor can reassure her by calling attention to the fact that many

women have recovered from a like condition.

To couples whose wish is not anticipated by nature, a baby is desired. When denied a baby of their own, many couples seek to fill the void by adopting a child. This involves many hazards, which I do not like to discuss. If I were to adopt a child, I would insist on knowing his antecedents. How did it happen the child was placed for adoption? If this information were not forthcoming, I would play safe and buy a dog.

To most couples there comes a day when their own baby arrives, and with it arrives a crisis. Only when a woman produces her own baby is there a readjustment of the endocrines. She comes out a different person than when she conceived. Many considerate hus-

bands do not realize that as long as a mother is nursing her child, her sex instinct is satisfied. They need to be told. Somehow the idea is getting around that the relation of husband and wife has something to it besides procreation.

Our finest couples are anxious to do the right thing by themselves and their children, and produce no more than they can properly care for. The right to limit the size of one's family has not been widely recognized. How to select the number?

The average family desires two or three. If people could decide, many would have none. The most desirable families produce the fewest children; the lower classes produce big broods.

Suppose I get real bold and ask

what would happen if doctors were allowed to sterilize people after they have had the desired number of children? What effect would it have on the home life of the people? Occasionally I have had to remove a tumor of the uterus, which operation leaves the patient spiritually and sexually unchanged but makes pregnancy definitely impossible. These people bloom out with a happy smile. I have seen hundreds of such women, and naturally they make an impression on a doctor's mind.

The race must be perpetuated. The fates do not care whether or not married people are happy. That does not seem right. Just when people are most in need of guidance, they are left to the teaching of a fool ancestry.

TRAGEDIES IN PARADISE

THINGS are much more impressive when witnessed at two o'clock in the morning than when read about in the evening paper. Sit with a young doctor beside a girl less than fifteen years old. Through the long weary night this girl labored to produce her child. No one was present except the husband and the doctor. To heighten the nervousness of the doctor, a bad storm was raging

and a few blocks away his own father lay dying. The father died, alone, almost at the moment the baby was born. While in the process of delivery, the patient's husband flopped to the floor in a dead faint. The new mother, seeing this, screamed and tried to get out of bed. A large basin of bichloride solution stood on a chair by the bedside. This the doctor doused over the new papa, who at

once recovered and started to crawl out of the room on all fours. As he went through the door the doctor threw his obstetrical forceps and scored a perfect hit. The man was insane, which the doctor had known a couple of years previously. Child wife, more than a widow because her husband still lived. He had his "rights." The town slept, of course, except for the doctor.

Another patient; fourteen. Labor lasting thirty-six hours. As the baby was born the mother of the patient gleefully exclaimed: "Me a grandmother at twenty-eight! Did you ever know of one younger?" I knew the proper language, and what is more I used it. The husband was an unemployed gentleman of sixteen. He took one look at the baby and disappeared. He has not been heard from since, and that was forty years ago.

These are examples of what I mean by domestic tragedies happening to persons who are not morally guilty. Child marriages are hereditary, and represent the first step toward sex murders. Most of the men in these cases are sexually irresponsible. Society looks on, helplessly.

To the pervert, the sex fiend, the hopeless moron, sterilization is

a protection. To sterilize, it is necessary only to clip a tube no larger than a knitting needle. The patients are still free to exercise all their lustful functions. But they cannot produce children.

On the other hand, outright castration means the removal of sex glands, and all desire, in most cases. If one wanted to lessen human suffering, he would be doing these patients a service by castration. It would relieve them of an eternal urge that nearly, sometimes actually, drives them insane.

Common tragedies in large families result from this cause. Some member of the family might be far from normal. A man whom I had known for many years angrily declared that his wife had had a baby which was not his, because he was impotent. I tried to convince him that his notion of impotency was all in his mind. But he established a good case for himself. I knew he was a man who believed his Bible from "kiver to kiver," so I tried the immaculate conception idea on him. To my surprise he rejected it categorically, declaring that both he and I knew better.

As a final effort I reminded him that people catch diseases from public closets, and they might

catch pregnancy the same way. The possibility appealed to him. As he arose to go, he remarked: "Do you reckon it could have been one of them New Deal fellers?" I assured him it could not, because that bunch were too impotent for any good. He was satisfied.

Some of these incidents are doubly tragic, because many of them could have been prevented. Even if not preventable, the suffering might be lessened if those about them would extend a sympathetic and helping hand instead of leaving the entire problem to the doctor.

PARADISE LOST (HELL WITH THE LID OFF)

WHEN a farmer introduces a gentleman cow and a lady cow, at the invitation of the lady, and afterward the gentleman goes off and eats grass quite disdainful of the lady's charms, the farmer makes a record in his book and calls it a day. The farmer does not say when he introduces the two that it "is for better or for worse." He has studied his blood lines and he knows it will be for the better. Just because Ferdinand goes off into the south pasture and eats grass in a pout, the farmer does not have a moral fit and call it a divorce. He knows Ferdinand will be back for the same reason he was present in the first place.

The stock breeder uses intelligence because he knows he must. The humans receive no attention at all from persons of intelligence. All they get is an assurance that the husband and wife become

legally single again following the fracture of the marriage bonds.

Whether or not a mumbled ceremony preceded the honeymoon does not alter in the least the biological nature of the transaction. A learned judge tells me that nine-tenths of the divorce cases in his court have a biological basis. I think doctors could cure some of it.

We doctors, if handed this divorce problem, would compile case-histories and facts. We would inquire into the premonitory signs. That is, disturbances which occurred before the patient knew he was sick. "When did you first feel that you were in love? When did you first notice the object of your affections? Was it cleverness on her part or her cute shape which first upset you?" To the girl, I would ask only one question: "How high did the water splash

when you fell in?"

Questions establish causes. "Which one of you first verbally kicked the other in the face? When did you first hear of the word 'incompatibility,' and what does it cover?" and a lot of other pertinent questions. "In the second place," one would inquire, "have you ever seen an incompatibility pill, and calculated its diameter, and compared that with the diameter of your esophagus? Suppose it got stuck and you could not get it up or down? Suppose it tastes worse than you expect?"

Then we would hand them a list of previous cases. These reports would cause the patients to pause a second, which would do more good than all the weeping and arm-waving. "Here are the terminal results of the last thousand cases I operated on. Look here—what they wrote down as 'freedom' turned out to be only a delusion." Quite likely the patient would say: "Gosh, they're all failures. Even though my marriage may be a failure, divorce is a greater one. I believe I will try bromides a little longer."

Imagine where surgery would be if we operated on a patient just because he says he is sick, without any inquiry as to whether he really is sick, or as to how he

came to be sick, and then forgot him as soon as the wound was sutured.

As old age approaches, we take a renewed interest in sunsets. To the observant old doctor, among the most beautiful pictures about us are the serene old couples who have fought life's battle together. Try as we may, we cannot control the outcome. We can only steel ourselves to take what comes, and hope that our own sunset is beautiful.

We have in old age the last leg of the tripod which holds the hope of a new world. The first is the love of a child who knows only love, not sex. Next the love of a single woman who shows us sex can be sublimated in a noble cause, and now finally love which comes after sex as such has died.

When one observes an old couple gradually fading into the beyond, with nothing to bind them but that fine sentiment which seems to be but a return of the love of a child, he sees the highest state of which man is capable. Leave me a picture of the mother and her child; a picture without lust; one which reveals the humanizing effect of suffering and love, and I can construct for you, and myself, the outlines of a real Christian civilization.

**One hit,
one error**

The time to comment on the Coronet Workshop was last month. For at that time, something like this might very appropriately have been said:

"The results of the voting on Project No. 1 (the Cartoon Spread) could scarcely have been more encouraging. The readers have voted down what they evidently considered a second-rate feature. And they have done something more difficult — they have worked out a means of translating the second-rate feature into one of first-rate quality."

In the February issue, which

will include the revised Cartoon Spread — radically revised in a unique way on the basis of suggestions made by readers—we'll see how that translation came out. In the meanwhile, Project No. 1

stands on the record books as a worthwhile enterprise.

But Project No. 2 — that inconclusive conclusion an-

nounced on the inside back cover — reduces the batting average to exactly .500. It is a decision that could as well have been reached without putting it to the vote, and should have yielded space to some more important and more controversial reader-editor problem.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912 and March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1940, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of CORONET, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the dates shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Bernard Geis; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC.; Stockholders: David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mary Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1940.
(SEAL) Joseph L. Ross. (My commission expires August 13, 1942.)

Alfred Smart, Business Manager.

Features You Won't Want to Miss in the February Coronet—out January 25th.

LOOKING FORWARD

BEATING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

by Michael Evans

You automatically get a \$5 raise on a \$50-a-week salary if you buy co-operatively. Yes—there's really something to Consumer Co-Operation. It works beautifully in Nova Scotia. And it's about time Americans learned about it—for and against.

THIS ONE WILL SLAY YOU

by Jack Benny

An extremely light discourse on gag-coining and gag-filching, as delivered (with detours) by an authority on both subjects. Half a dozen laughs per page; five pages.

SNORING: CAUSE AND CURE

by Isobel Ross

A conscientious snorer makes as much noise—by actual test—as an automobile, and is more difficult to stop. But stop he can (and must) if one of these devices is applied.

MY OLD MAN AND THE GRASS WIDOW

by Erskine Caldwell

The author of *Tobacco Road* goes back to Cracker territory for this one. Ma found the old man tickling a widow's bare toes with a chicken feather—and that's the point where matters just start to get hilarious.

HARVARD OF THE AIR

by Kent Sagendorph

Want to fight? Join the Army! Want to fly? Enroll at Parks Air College. Army pilots know a thing or two about flying, but Parks graduates know still more. The toughest school in the country, bar none.

SEWING MACHINES FOR HEALTH

by Leonard Allen

Altro Work Shops, in uptown New York, is doing a great job for Tuberculosis convalescents. The roof garden technique pays real dividends in more ways than one.

- In addition: *Serpent Women of New Orleans* by Raymond Grow . . . *Gypping the Jobless* by Frank W. Brock . . . *Life Is Like the Movies* by Martin Lewis . . . *Long Ago Island* by Louis Zara . . . and five other articles and short stories.

- Also: A beautiful presentation of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in full color, the Gallery of Photographs, a Portfolio of Child Prodigies, the Cellini Salt Cellar, a new Cartoon Digest, pictorial and verbal quizzes and a miscellany of marginal features.

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